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HUNTING SONGS AND
MISCELLANEOUS
VERSES.



HUNTING SONGS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

BY R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON.

“ For honest hunting never was accounted sinne,
Nor never shall for mee.”

Old Song, temp. James I.



LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS,
AND ROBERTS.
MANCHESTER: GEORGE SIMMS.

1859.

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PREFACE.

I GLADLY comply with the request that has been made to me to publish a new and enlarged edition of these Hunting Songs. It is a welcome assurance that the subject of which they treat continues to be one of general interest, and I hope that, in some slight degree, these Songs may be the means of encouraging a love for the noble sport of Fox-hunting.

For the publication of the Miscellaneous Verses I have no such good excuse to offer. If, taking off my hunting boots, I venture to thrust my feet into the Critical Stocks, as Riccabocca, seized with an irresistible

desire to experience the sensation, placed his
in those of the village, I trust I shall submit
with equal resignation and good humour to
the penalty which my presumption may
incur.

R. E. E. W.

Arley Hall, Jan. 1859.

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HUNTING SONGS.

THE WOORE COUNTRY.

I.

NOW the sunshine of summer is over,
Once more we behold the glad pack ;
And Wicksted, appears at the cover,
Once more on old Mercury's back ;
And Wells in the saddle is seated,
Though with scarce a whole bone in his skin ;
His cheer by the echo repeated,
'Loo in ! little dearies ! 'loo in !

II.

How eagerly forward they rush,
In a moment how widely they spread ;
Have at him there, Hotspur ! hush ! hush !
'Tis a find or I'll forfeit my head.
Fast flies the Fox away—faster
The hounds from the cover are freed ;
The horn to the mouth of the master,
The spur to the flank of his steed.

III.

May the names I record in this metre
 When my own is forgotten, survive ;
 From Tunstall comes one they call Peter,
 And three from the Styche they call Clive.
 There's Hammond, from Wistafton bringing
 All the news of the neighbouring shire ;
 Fitzherbert renown'd for his singing,
 And Dorfold's invincible Squire ;

IV.

Few Sportsmen so gallant, if any,
 Did Woore ever send to the chase ;
 Each dingle for him has a cranny,
 Each river a fordable place ;
 He knows the best line from each cover,
 He knows where to stand for a start,
 And long may he live to ride over
 The country he loves in his heart.

V.

There's Henry, the purple-clad Vicar,
 So earnestly plying the steel ;
 Conductor conducting him quicker,
 Each prick from the spur at his heel.
 Were my life to depend on the wager,
 I know not which brother I'd back ;
 The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
 The Purple, the Pink, or the Black.

VI.

On a steed thorough bred there's a bruiser,
Ne'er known o'er a country to flag ;
The name of the man is John Crewe, sir,
And Ajax the name of the nag ;
There's Aqualate's Baronet, Boughey,
Whose eye still on Wicksted is cast ;
Should the Fox run till midnight, I know he
Will stick by his friend to the last.

VII.

There's Ford the fox-finder,—how cheery
To ride by his side in a run ;
Whether midnight or morn, never weary
Of revel, and frolic, and fun.
When they lay this good fellow the tomb in,
He shall not be mock'd with a bust,
But the favourite evergreen blooming
Shall spring and o'ershadow his dust.

VIII.

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
Now Chantress commences her song,
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Sinbad is sailing along ;
Old Wells closely after them cramming,
His soul quite absorb'd in the fun ;
Continues unconsciously damning
Their dear little hearts as they run.

IX.

When the scent on the fallow is failing,
 Should a check from o'erriding ensue ;
 Hear Charley the mischief bewailing
 With sorrow so touching and true ;
 “ Friends ! Gentlemen ! Foxhunters ! there now !
 You all on my ruin are bent ;
 Hold hard, firs ! I ask, is it fair now ?—
 All over the line of the scent.”

X.

’Tis but for a moment we tarry,
 One cast and they hit it anew ;
 See ! see ! what a head they now carry,
 And see ! now they run him in view ;
 More eager for blood at each stroke,
 See Vengeance and Vulpicide rush ;
 Poor Renard, he thinks it no joke,
 Hearing Joker so close at his brush.

XI.

See ! Soldier prepared for the brunt,
 Hark ! Champion’s challenge I hear ;
 While Victory leads them in front,
 And Havock pursues in the rear ;
 Whoo-hoop ! there’s an end of the scurry,
 Now Charley with might and with main,
 First dances, then shouts “ worry, worry,”
 Then shouts, and then dances again.

XII.

A fig for your Leicestershire swells !
While Wicksted such sport can ensure ;
Long life to that varmint old Wells !
Success to the country of Woore !
Let Statesmen on politics parley,
Let Heroes go fight for renown,
While I've health to go hunting with Charley,
I envy no Monarch his crown.

QUÆSITUM MERITIS.

I.

A CLUB of good fellows we meet once a year,
 When the leaves of the forest are yellow
 and fear ;
 By the motto that shines on each glass, it is shown,
 We pledge in our cups the deserving alone ;
 Our glass a quæsitus, ourselves Cheshire men,
 May we fill it and drink it again and again.

II.

We hold in abhorrence all vulpicide knaves,
 With their gins, and their traps, and their velveteen
 slaves ;
 They may feed their fat pheasants, their foxes
 destroy,
 And mar the prime sport they themselves can't
 enjoy ;
 But such sportsmen as these we good fellows con-
 demn,
 And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitus to them.

III.

That man of his wine is unworthy indeed,
 Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need ;

Who keeps for nought else, save to purge 'em
with balls,

Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their stalls ;
Such niggards as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitus to them.

IV.

Some riders there are, who, too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gate in their next neighbour's
face ;

Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall,
Some ride over friends, hounds, and horses, and all ;
Such riders as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitus to them.

V.

For coffee-house gossip some hunters come out,
Of all matters prating, save that they're about ;
From scandal and cards they to politics roam,
They ride forty miles, head the fox, and go home !
Such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitus to them.

VI.

Since one fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on
wing,

That man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is
drawn blank.

Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VII.

Oh ! give me that man to whom nought comes
amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this ;
Through falls and bad starts who undauntedly still
Rides up to this motto : “ Be with 'em I will.”
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VIII.

Oh ! give me that man who can ride through a
run,
Nor engross to himself all the glory when done ;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a
“ screw,”
Who loves a run best when a friend sees it too !
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

IX.

Oh ! give me that man who himself goes the pace,
And whose table is free to all friends of the chase ;
Should a spirit so choice in this wide world be seen,
He rides you may swear in a collar of green ;
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

OLD OULTON LOWE.

I.

BAD luck to the Country ! the clock had
struck two,
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorse we drew ;
When each heart felt a thrill at the sound,
“ Tally-Ho,”
Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe !

II.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,
For the first thirty minutes Pug laugh'd at us all ;
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us beat.

III.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah ! we little thought then that the race was her
last ;
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her blood ;
But why cry for spilt milk ?—May the next be as
good !

IV.

’Twas a sight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black
mare ;

The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow,
First, foremost, and fleetest from old Oulton Lowe!

V.

How Delamere went, it were useless to tell,
To say he was out, is to say he went well;
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

VI.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France;
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our
chance.

Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,
By dint of “coercion” and great “agitation.”

VII.

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
“Their bristles are up! Sir! they're hard at him
now.”

VIII.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
“Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you
ride?”

How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

IX.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd, "whoo-hoop,"
While he thought on the Lion that eat him half up;
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his
dinner,
He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

X.

Oh ! where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
Oh ! where and oh ! where was the Wistafton
steed ?
Dead beat ! still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd
him,
He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that
kick'd him.

XI.

The Cestrian chesnut show'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the
wood.
Where now is Dollgosh ? Where the racer from
Da'enham ?
Such fast ones as these ! what mishap has o'er-
ta'en 'em ?

XII.

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane,
(Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain,)

“ Have you seen a brown horse ?” “ No, indeed,
Sir, but pray,
In the course of your ramble have *you* seen a
grey ?”

XIII.

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,
Whom he found in the street, with his head
rather queer,
So Dobbin was loosed from his work at the plough,
To assist a proud hunter, stuck fast in a slough.

XIV.

I advocate “ movement” when shown in a horse,
But I love in my heart a “ conservative” gorse.
Long life to Sir Philip ! we’ll drink ere we go,
Old times ! and old Cheshire ! and old Oulton
Lowe !

THE OLD BROWN FOREST.

I.

BROWN Forest of Mara ! whose bounds
 were of yore
 From Kellsborow's Castle outstretch'd to the
 shore,
 Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
 That thy beasts might have covert—unhous'd
 were our men.

II.

Our King the first William, Hugh Lupus our
 Earl,
 Then poaching I ween was no sport for a churl ;
 A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
 Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive !

III.

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
 They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow ;
 They wound their “ recheat” and their “ mort”
 on the horn,
 And they laugh'd the rude chase of the Saxon to
 scorn.

IV.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to seize
 Waif, pannage, agistment and windfallen trees,
 His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley
 dispersed,
 Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the first.

V.

This horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
 Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride ;
 By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
 It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

VI.

Oh ! then the proud falcon, unloosed from the
 glove,
 Like her master below, play'd the tyrant above ;
 While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the sky,
 The silver-toned bells as she darted on high.

VII.

Then roused from sweet slumber, the ladie high-born,
 Her palfrey would mount at the sound of the horn ;
 Her palfrey upsofs'd his rich trappings in air,
 And neigh'd with delight such a burden to bear.

VIII.

Versed in all woodcraft and proud of her skill,
 Her charms in the forest seem'd lovelier still ;

The Abbot rode forth from the abbey so fair,
Nor loved the sport less when a bright eye was
there.

IX.

Thou Palatine prophet ! whose fame I revere,
(Woe be to that bard who speaks ill of a seer)
Forewarn'd of thy fate, as our legends report,
Thou wert born in a forest and “ clemm'd ” in a
court.

X.

Now goading thine oxen, now urging a main
Fierce monarchs to battle on Bosworth's red plain ;
“ A foot with two heels, and a hand with three
thumbs ! ”

Good luck to the land when this prodigy comes !

XI.

“ Steeds shall by hundreds seek masters in vain,
Till under their bellies the girths rot in twain ; ”
’Twill need little skill to interpret this dream,
When o'er the brown forest we travel by steam !

XII.

Here hunted the Scot whom, too wise to show fight,
No war, save the war of the woods, could excite ;
His learning, they say, did his valour surpass,
Though a hero when armed with a couteau de
chasse.

XIII.

Ah ! then came the days when to England's
disgrace,
A King was her quarry, and warfare her chase ;
Old Noll for their huntsman ! a puritan pack !
With psalms on their tongues—but with blood in
their track.

XIV.

Then Charlie our King was restor'd to his own,
And again the blythe horn in the forest was blown ;
Steeds from the desert then cross'd the blue wave
To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

XV.

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to
skurry,
With music in plenty—Oh ! where was the hurry ?
When each nag wore a crupper, each Squire a
pigtail ;
When our toast, “ The Brown Forest,” was drunk
in brown ale.

XVI.

The fast ones came next, with a wild fox in view,
“ Ware hole !” was a caution then heeded by few ;
Oppos'd by no cops, by no fences confined,
O'er whinbush and heather they swept like the
wind.

XVII.

Behold ! in the foil of our forest once more,
The sapling takes root as in ages of yore ;
The oak of old England with branches outspread,
The pine tree above them uprearing its head.

XVIII.

Where, 'twixt the whalebones, the widow sat down,
Who forsook the Black forest to dwell in the
Brown,
There, where the flock on sweet herbage once fed,
The blackcock takes wing, and the fox-cub is bred.

XIX.

This timber the storms of the ocean shall weather,
And fail o'er the waves as we fail'do'er the heather ;
Each plant of the forest, when launched from the
stocks,
May it run down a foeman as we do a fox !

TARPORLEY HUNT, 1833.

I.

WHEN without verdure the woods in
November are,
Then to our collars their green is transferr'd ;
Racing and chafing the sports of each member are,
Come then to Tarporley booted and spurr'd ;
Holding together, Sir,
Scorning the weather, Sir,
Like the good leather, Sir,
Which we put on :
Quæsitum meritis !
Good fun how rare it is !
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

II.

Lo ! there's a Maiden whose sweet disposition is
Bent, like Diana's of old, on the chase ;
Joy to that sportsman whose horse, in condition, is
Able and willing to go the best pace ;
Racers are sweating now,
Owners are fretting now,
Stable boys betting now,
France ! ten to one :
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

III.

Lo ! where the forest turf covers gentility,
Foremost with glory and hindmost with mud ;
Now let the President prove his ability,
Umpire of speed, whether cocktail or blood ;
Go-by and Adelaide,
Though they were saddled,
Led forth and straddled,
Judge there was none !
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

IV.

How with due praise shall I sing the Palatinate,
Ably with Presidents filling our chair ;
The Greys and the Leghs, and the Brookes that
have sat in it,
Toasting our bumpers and drinking their share ?
Each Squire and each Lord, Sir,
That meets at our board, Sir,
Were I to record, Sir,
I ne'er should have done :
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

V.

“ Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis,”
Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down ;
Long may we good fellows, now a day rarities,
Live to make merry in Tarporley town

Fox preservation,
Throughout the whole nation,
Affords recreation,
Then drink it each man :
Quæsitum meritis !
Good fun how rare it is !
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

ON THE NEW KENNEL, ERECTED
ON DELAMERE FOREST.

MAY, 1834.

I.

REAT names in the Abbey are graven in
stone,
Our kennel records them in good flesh and bone;
A *Bedford*, a *Gloster*, to life we restore,
And *Nelson* with *Victory* couple once more,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Were the laws of the kennel the laws of the land,
The shilelah should drop from the Irishman's
hand ;
And journeymen tailors, on "striking" intent,
Should stick to their stitching like hounds to a
scent.

III.

Oh ! grant, ye reformers, who rule o'er us all,
 That our kennels may stand though our colleges
 fall ;

Our pack from long trial we know to be good,
 Grey-hounds admitted might ruin the blood.

IV.

Fond parents may dote on their pride of thirteen,
 Switch'd into Latin and breech'd in nankeen !
 A puppy just enter'd a language can speak
 More sweetly sonorous than Homer's own Greek.

V.

Oh ! clothe me in scarlet ! a spur on each heel !
 And guardsmen may case their whole bodies in
 steel ;
 Lancers in battle with lancers may tilt,
 Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt !

VI.

Then lay this foundation-stone solid and deep,
 Let these walls be as strong as the walls of a Keep ;
 May foxhunting flourish as long as they last,
 And the fame of fresh Bluecaps still rival the past !

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

HAWKSTONE BOW-MEETING.

*“ Celeri certare sagittā
Invitat qui forte velint, et præmia ponit.”*

ÆN. lib. 5.

I.

FAREWELL to the banks of the Weaver !
Farewell to the Dane and the Dee !
The forest, the moor, and the river,
The hills, and the “ Woore Countrie ; ”
My hunting whip hung in a corner,
My bridle and saddle below,
I call on the Muse and adorn her
With baldrick, and quiver, and bow.

II.

Bright Goddess ! assist me, recounting
The names of toxophilites here,
How Watkyn came down from the mountain,
And Mainwaring up from the Mere ;
Assist me to fly with as many on
As the steed of Parnassus can take,
Price, Parker, Lloyd, Kynaston, Kenyon,
Dod, Cunliffe, Brooke, Owen and Drake.

III.

To witness the feats of the Bowmen,
 To stare at the tent of the Bey,
 Merrie Maidens and ale-drinking Yeomen
 At Hawkstone assemble to-day.
 From the Lord to the lowest in station,
 From the east of the shire to the west,
 Salopia's whole population
 Within the green valley comprest.

IV.

In the hues of the target appearing,
 Now the bent of each archer is seen ;
 The widow to *sable* adhering,
 The lover forsaken to *green* ;
 For *gold* its affection displaying,
 One shaft at the centre is sped ;
 Another a love tale betraying,
 Is aim'd with a blush at the *red*.

v.

Pride pointing profanely at heaven,
 Humility sweeping the ground,
 The arrow of gluttony driven
 Where ven'fon and sherry abound !
 At *white* see the maiden unmated
 The arrow of innocence draw,
 While the shaft of the matron is fated
 To fasten its point in the *straw*.

VI.

Tell, fated with Gefller to grapple
Till the tyrannous Bailiff was slain,
Let Switzerland boast of the apple
His arrow once sever'd in twain ;
We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer,
Such a feat were again to be done,
Should our host and his lady think fit, Sir,
To lend us the head of their son !

VII.

The ash may be graceful and limber,
The oak may be sturdy and true ;
You may search, but in vain, for a timber
To rival the old British yew !
You may roam through all lands, but there's no
land
Can sport such as Salop's afford,
And the Hill of all Hills is Sir Rowland !
The hero of heroes my Lord !

1835.

CHESHIRE CHIVALRY.

ON the 23rd of December, 1837, the Cheshire Hounds found a fox in the plantation adjoining Tilston Lodge. Running directly to the house, he baffled for a time all further pursuit by leaping through a window pane into the dairy. When captured, he was turned out at Wardle Gorse, and after an unusually quick burst, in the course of which he crossed two canals, was killed at Cholmondeleston.

I.

UNPUNISH'D shall Reynard our dairies
attack,

His fate unrecorded in song ?

Ah ! no ; when the captive was loos'd from a sack,
There was not, fair milk-maid, a hound in the
pack,

But was bent on avenging thy wrong.

II.

Would that those who imagine all chivalry o'er,
Had encounter'd our gallant array ;
Ne'er a hundred such knights, e'en in ages of yore,
Took the field in the cause of one damsel before,
As were seen in the saddle that day.

III.

Their high-mettled courage no dangers appal,
So keen was the ardour display'd ;
Some lose a frail stirrup, some flounder, some fall,
Some gallantly stem the deep waters, and all
For the sake of the pretty milk-maid.

IV.

For thirty fast minutes Pug fled from his foes,
Nor a moment for breathing allow'd ;
When at Cholm'stome the skurry was brought to
a close,
The nags that had follow'd him needed repose,
As their panting and sobbing avow'd.

V.

There, stretch'd on the greensward, lay Geoffry
the stout,
His heels were upturn'd to the sky,
From each boot flow'd a stream, as it were from
a spout,
Away stole the fox ere one half had run out,
And away with fresh vigour we fly !

VI.

Once more to the water, though haras'd and beat,
The fox with a struggle swam through ;

Though the churn that he tainted shall never be
sweet,
His heart's blood ere long shall our vengeance
complete,
And the caitiff his villany rue.

VII.

Stout Geoffry declared he would witness the kill
Should he swim in the saddle till dark ;
Six horsemen undauntedly followed him still,
Till the fate that awaited the steed of Sir Phil
Put an end to this merry mud lark.

VIII.

Back, back, the bold Baronet rolled from the shore,
Immers'd overhead in the wave ;
The Tories 'gan think that the game was all o'er,
For their Member was missing a minute or more
Ere he rose from his watery grave.

IX.

Quoth Tollemache, more eager than all to make
fail,
(A soul that abhorreth restraint,)
“ Good doctor,” quoth he, “ since thy remedies
fail,
Since blister, nor bleeding, nor pill-box avail,
Cold bathing may suit my complaint.”

X.

When Williams past o'er, at the burden they bore
The waters all trembled with awe ;
For the heaving canal, when it wash'd him ashore,
Ne'er had felt such a swell on its surface before,
As the Swell from the Leamington Spa.

XI.

Harry Brooke, as a bird o'er the billow would skim,
Must have flown to the furthermost brink ;
For the moisture had reach'd neither garment nor
limb,
There was not a speck the boot polish to dim,
Nor a mudstain to tarnish the pink.

XII.

The fox looking back, saw them fathom the tide,
But was doom'd, ere they cross'd it, to die ;
Who-whoop may sound sweeter by far on that side,
But, thinks I to myself, I've a twenty mile ride,
And as yet my good leather is dry.

XIII.

Life-guardsman ! why hang down in sorrow thy
head ?
Could our pack such a fast one outstrip ?
Looking down at the ditch where his mare lay
for dead,
“ Pray, which way to Aston,” he mournfully said,
And uptwisted the hair of his lip.

XIV.

Though of milk and of water I've made a long tale,
When a livelier liquor's display'd,
I've a toast that will suit either claret or ale,
Good sport to the Kennel ! success to the Pail !
And a health to the pretty Milk-maid !

1837.

ON THE PICTURE OF THE
CHESHIRE HUNT.
PAINTED BY H. CALVERT.

I.

WHEN, our Kennel a coal-hole envelop'd in
smoke,
Blood and bone shall give way to hot water and
coke,
Make and shape, pace and pedigree held as a jest,
All the power of the stud in a copper com prest.

II.

When the green collar fades, and good fellowship's
o'er,
Sir Peter and Barry remember'd no more ;
From her Tarporley perch the poor Swan shall
drop down,
And her dying who-whoop shall be heard o'er the
Town.

III.

Still distant the day, yet in ages to come,
When the gorse is uprooted, the foxhound is dumb,

May verse make immortal the deeds of the field,
And the shape of each steed be on canvas reveal'd.

IV.

In colours unfading, let Calvert design
A field not unworthy a sport so divine,
For when Joe was their huntsman, and Tom
their first whip,
Who then could the chosen of Cheshire outstrip ?

V.

Ere the time-honour'd race of our fox hunters end,
The poor no protector, the farmer no friend,
Let the pencil be dipt in the hues of the Chase,
And contentment and health be portray'd in each
face.

VI.

Let them say when this canvas the pastime recalls,
Such once were the gentry that dwelt in our halls ;
Let them here view the face of an old Cheshire
Squire,
And regret the past sport that enliven'd our Shire.

1840.

THE BREECHES.

I.

WHEN I mention “ The Breeches,” I feel
no remorse,
For the ladies all know ’tis an evergreen gorse ;
They are not of leather, they are not of plush,
But expressly cut out for Joe Maiden to brush.

II.

Good luck to the prentice by whom they were made !
His shears were a ploughshare, his needle a spade ;
May each landlord a pair of this pattern bespeak,
The Breeches that lasted us three days a week !

III.

The fox is away and Squire Royds made it known,
Setting straitway to work at a pace of his own ;
Past him sped Tollemache, as instant in flight
As a star when it shoots through the azure of night.

IV.

They who witness’d the pack as it skirted the Spa,
By the head they then carried a struggle foresaw ;

At their heels a white horse with his head in the air,
But his bridle was loose, and his saddle was bare.

v.

May Peel, (near the Breeches at starting o'erthrown,
Where he left the impression in mud of his own ;)
When next he thinks fit this white horse to
bestraddle,
See less of the Breeches and more of the saddle.

VI.

From Spurstow we pointed towards Bunbury
Church,
Some rounding that cover were left in the lurch ;
By Hurleston we hurried, nor e'er tighten'd rein,
Till check'd for one moment in Baddiley lane.

VII.

When we pass'd the old gorse and the meadows
beneath,
When, across the canal, we approach'd Aston
Heath,
There were riders who took to the water like rats,
There were steeds without horsemen, and men
without hats.

VIII.

How many came down to the Edlestone brook,
How many came down, not to leap—but to look ;
The steeds that stood still with a stitch in their side,
Will remember the day when the Breeches were
tried.

IX.

The pack, pressing onwards, still merrily went,
Till at Dorfold they needed no longer a scent ;
Man and maid rushing forth stood aloft on the wall,
And uprais'd a view hollo that shook the old hall.

X.

Too weak for the open, too hot for the drain,
He cross'd and recross'd Ran'moor covers in vain ;
When he reach'd the Bull's wood, he lay down
 in despair,
And we hollow'd whó-whoop, as they worried him
 there.

XI.

Puss in boots is a fable to children well known,
The dog in a doublet at Sandon is shown,
Henceforth when a landlord good liquor can boast,
Let the Fox and the Breeches be hung on his post.

XII.

From Vulpecide villains our foxes secure,
May these evergreen Breeches till doomsday endure !
Go ! all ye good squires, if my ditty should please,
Go cloathe your bare acres in Breeches like these.

1841.

SONG,

*Written for and sung by I. H. Smith Barry, Esq.,
 owner of the Columbine yacht, when
 President of the Tarporley
 Hunt Meeting,
 1845.*

I.

NOW riding safe at anchor, idly floats the
 Columbine,
 And the perils of the Ocean in November I resign;
 With other Messmates round me, merry comrades
 every one,
 To-night I take command, boys, of the gallant
 ship the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys ! up for action, with a hearty three
 times three,
 What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tarporley ?

II.

'Tis true, though strange, this gallant ship in
 water cannot swim,
 A sea of rosy wine, boys, is the sea she loves to skim ;
 The billows of that red sea are in bumpers toss'd
 about,
 Our spirits rising higher as the tide is running out !

Chorus.

III.

Still swinging at her moorings, with a cable round
her neck,
Though long as summer lasteth all deserted is her
deck,
She scuds before the breezes of November fast
and free,
O ! ne'er may she be stranded in the straits of
Taporley.

Chorus.

IV.

By adverse gale or hurricane her sails are never rent,
Her canvas swells with laughter, and her freight
is merriment ;
The lightning on her deck, boys, is the lightning
flash of wit,
Loud cheers in thunder rolling till her very timbers
split !

Chorus.

V.

We need not Archimedes with his screw on board
the Swan,
The screw that draws the cork, boys, is the screw
that drives us on,
And should we be becalm'd, boys, while giving
chase to care,
When the brimming bowl is heated we have steam
in plenty there.

Chorus.

VI.

No rocks have we to split on, no foes have we to
fight,
No dangers to alarm us, while we keep the
reckoning right ;
We fling the gold about, boys, though we never
heave the lead,
And long as we can raise the wind our course is
straight a-head.

Chorus.

VII.

The index of our compass is the bottle that we trawl,
To the chair again revolving like the needle to
the pole ;
The motto on our glasses is to us a fixèd star,
We know while we can see it, boys, exactly where
we are.

Chorus.

VIII.

To their sweethearts let our bachelors a sparkling
bumper fill,
To their wives let those who have 'em fill a fuller
bumper still ;
Oh ! never while we've health, boys, may we
quit this gallant ship,
But every year, together here, enjoy this pleasure
trip.

Chorus.

IX.

Behind me stands my ancestor, Sir Peter stands
before,
Two pilots who have weather'd many a stormy
night of yore ;
So may our sons and grandsons, when we are dead
and gone,
Spend many a merry night, boys, in the cabin of
the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys ! up for action, with a hearty three
times three,
What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tarporley ?

1845.

THE LITTLE RED ROVER.

I.

THE dewdrop is clinging
 To whin-bush and brake,
 The skylark is singing
 “ Merrie hunters, awake ; ”
 Home to the cover,
 Deserted by night,
 The little Red Rover
 Is bending his flight.

II.

Resounds the glad hollo ;
 The pack scents the prey ;
 Man and horse follow ;
 Away ! Hark, away !
 Away ! never fearing,
 Ne’er slacken your pace :
 What music so cheering
 As that of the chase ?

III.

The Rover still speeding,
 Still distant from home,
 The spurr’d flank is bleeding,
 And cover’d with foam ;

Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, chestnut, or grey,
The burst, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to-day !

IV.

Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er ;
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more !
The foremost hounds near him,
His strength 'gins to droop ;
In pieces they tear him,
Who-whoop ! Who-who-whoop !

THE BLOOMING EVERGREEN.

I.

ERE the adventurers, nicknamed Plantagenet,
 Buckled the helm on, their foes to dismay,
 They pluck'd a broom-sprig which they wore as
 a badge in it,
 Meaning thereby they would sweep them away.
 Long the genista shall flourish in story,
 Green as the laurels their chivalry won ;
 As the broom-sprig excited those heroes to glory,
 May the gorse-plant encourage our foxes to run.

II.

Held by Diana in due estimation,
 Bedeck with a gorse-flower the goddes's shrine ;
 Throughout the wide range of this blooming
 creation,
 It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
 Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluster and, squeezing it,
 Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows ;
 Then in the joy of my heart, will I, seizing it,
 Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

SONG.

I.

STAGS in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o !
 Web-footed otters are speared in the lochs ;
 Beasts of the chase that are not worth a Tally-ho !

All are surpasse'd by the gorse-cover fox !

Fishing, though pleasant,
 I sing not at present,
 Nor shooting the Pheasant,
 Nor fighting of Cocks ;
 Song shall declare a way
 How to drive care away,
 Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox !

II.

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
 Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks ;
 Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter, nor
 Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.

Spain may delight in
 A sport so exciting ;
 While 'stead of bullfighting
 We fatten the ox ;
 Song shall declare a way, &c.

III.

England's green pastures are grazed in security,
Thanks to the Saxon who cared for our flocks !
He who reserving the sport for futurity,
Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.

When joviality
Chases formality,
When Hospitality
 Cellars unlocks ;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox !

THE TANTIVY TROT.

I.

HERE'S to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame,
 Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, Sir ;
 Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
 Ford and the Lancashire Lord, Sir.

Let the steam pot
 His till it's hot,
 Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

II.

Here's to the team, Sir, all harness'd to start,
 Brilliant in Brummagem leather ;
 Here's to the waggoner, skill'd in the art,
 Coupling the cattle together.

Let the steam pot, &c.

III.

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
 Here's to the swells on the top, Sir ;
 Here's to the music in three feet of tin,
 And here's to the tapering crop, Sir.

Let the steam pot, &c.

IV.

Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
 Here's to the blood on the off, Sir ;
 Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride !
 Wind without whistle or cough, Sir !
 Let the steam pot, &c.

V.

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
 Still to a gallop inclined, Sir ;
 Heads in the front with no bearing reins on !
 Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir !
 Let the steam pot, &c.

VI.

Here's to the dragsmen I've dragg'd into song,
 Salisbury, Mountain, and Co., Sir ;
 Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along
 Five twenty-fives at a go ! Sir.
 Let the steam pot, &c.

VII.

Here's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,
 Here's to the road we ne'er tire on ;
 Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,
 Ride ye who like it on iron.
 Let the steam pot
 Hiss till it's hot,
 Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

THE SPECTRE STAG.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

I.

A BARON lived in Germany,
 Of old and noble race,
 Whose mind was wholly bent upon
 The pleasures of the chase.

II.

Thro' summer's sultry dog-days,
 Thro' winter's frost severe,
 This Baron's hunting season
 Was twelve months in the year.

III.

From dawn till dark he hunted,
 And the truth I grieve to speak,
 The number of his hunting days
 Was seven in the week.

IV.

No lands within his seignorie
 Was serf allowed to till;

No corn-field in the valley,
No vineyard on the hill.

V.

What marvel hungry poachers,
When the Baron was a-bed,
Were bent on stealing venison,
For very lack of bread?

VI.

But woe that wretch betided,
Who in the quest was found;
On the stag he would have slaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.

VII.

Borne, like Mazeppa, headlong,
From the panting quarry's back
He saw the thirsty blood-hounds
Let loose upon his track.

VIII.

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
On the mangled victims feast;
And, mix'd in one red slaughter,
Flows the blood of man and beast.

IX.

The Baron thus his pastime
Pursued until he died;
My tale shall tell how this befell
On the eve of Eastertide.

X.

The moon rose o'er the forest,
 And the distant village chime
 Call'd sinners to confession,
 And bespoke a hallow'd time.

XI.

When suddenly a strange halloo
 Was heard around to ring,
 The Hunter seized his bow and placed
 An arrow on the string.

XII.

The cry, the cheer, the tumult
 Of the chase—and then, display'd
 By the pale light of the moonbeam,
 Far adown the forest-glade,

XIII.

Was seen, with brow full antler'd,
 A Monster Stag—his back
 Bestridden by a Huntsman,
 Apparell'd all in black.

XIV.

Their eyes unto their master
 The crouching pack upraised,
 Their master on his trembling steed
 At the sight was fore amazed.

XV.

“ Ye curs,” he cried, “ why stir ye not ?
A curse upon the breed !
And you, ye loitering varlets,
Where are ye in such need ? ”

XVI.

To summon then his followers,
He grasp’d his hunting horn,
Through the forest’s deep recesses
The echoing blast was borne.

XVII.

But borne in vain—his retinue
No note in answer gave ;
And the silence that succeeded
Was the silence of the grave.

XVIII.

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to distant crag,
Nought saw he save the spectre
Goad ing on that grisly stag.

XIX.

The nearer it approach’d him,
The larger still it grew ;
Again he seized his hunting horn,
And his gasping breath he drew.

xx.

Eye, cheek, and throat distended,
Each fibre strain'd to blow,
His life-breath past in that bugle blast,
And he fell from the saddle bow.

xxi.

Where the Baron's chase was ended,
There they laid his bones to rot ;
And his heirs, in after ages,
Built a Chapel on the spot.

xxii.

And still that note is heard to float
Through the woods at Easter-tide ;
From hill to hill re-echoing still
The strain by which he died.

THE LADIE OF THE CASTLE OF
WINDECK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(ADELBERT CHAMISSO.)

I.

“ FATED Horseman ! onward speeding,
Hold !—thy panting courser check ;—
Thee the Phantom Stag misleading,
Hurrieth to the lone Windeck !”

II.

Where two towers, their strength uprearing,
O'er a ruin'd gateway rise,
There the quarry disappearing
Vanish'd from the Hunter's eyes.

III.

Lone and still !—no echo sounded ;
Blazed the sun in noonday pride ;
Deep he drew his breath astounded,
And his streaming forehead dried.

IV.

“ Precious wine lies hid below, in
 Ruin’d cellar here, they say ;
 O ! that I, with cup o’erflowing,
 Might my scorching thirst allay ! ”

V.

Scarcely by his parch’d lip spoken
 Wingèd words the wish proclaim,
 Ere from arch, with ivy broken,
 Forth a fair hand-maiden came.

VI.

Light of step, a glorious maiden !
 Robe of shining white she wore ;
 With her keys her belt was laden,
 Drinking horn in hand she bore.

VII.

Precious wine, from cup o’erflowing,
 With an eager mouth he quaff’d ;
 Fire he felt within him glowing,
 As he drain’d the magic draught.

VIII.

Eyes of deep blue, softly glancing !—
 Flowing locks of golden hue !—
 He with claspèd hands advancing
 ’Gan the Maiden’s love to sue.

IX.

Fraught with strange mysterious meaning,
Pitying look she on him cast ;
Then, her form the ivy screening,
Swiftly, as she came, she past.

X.

From that hour enchanted ever,
Spellbound to the Windeck lone,
From that hour he slumber'd never,
Rest, and peace, and hope unknown.

XI.

Night and day that ruin'd portal
Pale and wan he hovers nigh,
Though unlike to living mortal,
Still without the power to die.

XII.

Once again the maid, appearing,
After many a year had past,
Prest his lip with kiss endearing,
Broke the spell of life at last.

REICHLERGER THE ROBBER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(UHLAND.)

I.

REICHLERGER a Robber bold,
 Terror of the young and old,
 Once at midnight lay in wait
 Nigh an old Kirk's ruin'd gate ;

II.

Midnight past, on plunder bent,
 Up he rose and forth he went,
 He must meet, ere break of day,
 Merchants journeying on that way.

III.

As he wended on his track,
 " Page," quoth he, " my gloves I lack,
 Laid and left upon the bier,
 Hie thee straight and bring them here."

IV.

Pale with terror back he came,
“ Satan send thy gloves to claim !
On that bier there sits a sprite—
Bristle yet my hairs with fright.

V.

“ He had donn’d those gloves of thine,
On them glared his fiery eyne ;
Up and down he stroked them ; still
All my limbs with terror thrill.”

VI.

Swiftly back the Robber hied,
Stoutly he the Ghost defied ;
Won his gloves back from the Sprite,
Vanquish’d by his arm in fight.

VII.

Fierce and covetous his eyne,
Spoke the Sprite,—“ The gloves are thine,
Lend them still, and let me wear
For a year that dainty pair.”

VIII.

“ Willingly, and prove,” he faith,
“ Whether Devil keepeth faith,
On thy shrivell’d hands accurst,
Little fear that they will burst.”

IX.

Through the wood his Page and he
On they gallop'd merrilie ;—
When the cock morn's echo stirr'd,
Tramp of coming steeds they heard.

X.

Tramping down the forest track,
Vizor'd riders all in black !
Them with beating heart he eyed ;
Reining, as they pass'd, aside.

XI.

Led by hindmost of the train,
Came a steed with bitted rein,—
Saddle, which no rider bore,
With black housings cover'd o'er !

XII.

Up rode Reichberger to ask,
Who those Knights in mail and masque ;
“ Prythee, gentle Squire,” he said,
“ Say for whom that horse is led ?”

XIII.

“ For the vassal, true and tried,
Of my Lord, known far and wide ;
Death-struck, ere a year be gone,
Reichberger shall ride thereon.”

XIV.

Thus he spoke, then on he sped ;—
To his Page the Robber said ;
“ From my saddle I descend,
Soon my earthly race shall end.

XV.

“ If my wild steed thou canst rein,
Targe and weighty sword sustain,
Unto thee I them deliver,
Use them in God’s service ever.”

XVI.

Then to Cloister wended he,—
“ Holy Monk I may not be,
Abbot ! still my sin to hide
Let me here a layman bide.”

XVII.

“ By thy spurs, thy craft is told,
Thou hast been a horseman bold,
Therefore shalt thou tend the steeds
Which our Convent stable feeds.”

XVIII.

On that year’s last day there came
Steed for Reichberger to tame,
Vicious eye and coal black mane,
He to back it strove in vain.

XIX.

Him that steed, with deadly blow
Striking to the heart, laid low ;
Forest-ward then bent his flight,
Lost for aye to mortal fight.

XX.

Black steed, led by mounted sprite,
Stood beside his grave at night ;
Riding gloves the moonbeams show
Hanging at the saddle bow.

XXI.

Reichberger from where he lay
Rose—and pluck'd the gloves away ;
On his gravestone first he stept,
And thence into the saddle leapt.

THE LADIE CUNIGUNDA OF
KYNEST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(F. RUCKERT.)

I.

“ **I**N my bower,” said Cunigunda,
“ No longer will I bide,
I will ride forth to the hunting,
Right merrie ’tis to ride.”

II.

Said she, “ None but a valiant Knight
Shall win me for a bride ;
Undaunted must he venture
Round my castle wall to ride.”

III.

Then rode a noble Knight along
The Kynest Castle wall ;
Her hand that Ladie raised not
At the noble Knight’s downfall.

IV.

Upon that wall another Knight
 Rode gallantly and well ;
 That Ladie's heart misgave her not
 When horse and rider fell.

V.

Another Knight, and once again
 Another dared to try ;
 And both, down rolling headlong,
 She beheld with tearless eye.

VI.

Thus years and years pass'd on, until
 No Knight again drew nigh ;
 None to ride again would venture,
 For to venture was to die.

VII.

Cunigunda from the battlement
 Look'd out both far and wide :
 “ I sit within my bower alone,
 Will none attempt the ride ?

VIII.

“ O ! is there none would win me now,
 And wear me for a bride ?
 Has chivalry turn'd recreant ?
 Has knighthood lost its pride ? ”

IX.

Out spake Thuringia's Landgrave,
(Count Adelbert he hight,)
“ This Ladie fair is worthy well
The venture of a Knight.”

X.

The Landgrave train'd his war-horse
On the mountain steep to go,
That the Ladie might not glory
In another overthrow.

XI.

“ 'Tis I, O noble Ladie,
Who will on the venture speed.”
Sadly, earnestly, she eyed him,
As he sprang upon his steed.

XII.

She saw him mount and onward spur,
She trembled and she sigh'd :
“ O woe is me that for my sake
He tries this fearful ride !”

XIII.

He rode along the castle wall,
She turn'd her from the sight :
“ Woe is me, he rideth straightway
To his grave, that noble Knight !”

XIV.

He rode along the castle wall,
 On dizzy rampart there ;
 She dared not move a finger
 Of her hand, that Ladie fair !

XV.

He rode along the castle wall,
 O'er battlement and mound ;
 She dared not breathe a whisper,
 Lest he totter at the sound.

XVI.

He rode around the castle wall,
 And down again rode he :
 “ Now God be praised that he hath spared
 Thy precious life to thee !

XVII.

“ May God be praised thou didst not ride
 A death-ride to thy grave !
 Now quit thy steed and claim thy bride,
 Thou worthy knight and brave !”

XVIII.

Then spake the Landgrave, bending down
 Unto the saddle bow :
 “ That knight can dare, O Ladie fair,
 This morning's ride doth show.

XIX.

Wait thou until another come
To do this feat for thee ;
I have a wife and children,
And my bride thou canst not be.

XX.

He spurr'd his steed and went his way,
Light hearted as he came ;
And as he went half dead was she
With anger and with shame.

THE DEAD HUNTER.

I.

HIS fire from the desert, his dam from the north,
 The pride of my stable stept gallantly forth,
 One slip in his stride as the scurry he led,
 And my steed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay dead.

II.

Poor steed ! shall thy limbs on the hunting field lie,
 That his beak in thy carcase the raven may dye ?
 Is it thine the sad doom of thy race to fulfill,
 Thy flesh to the cauldron, thy bones to the mill ?

III.

Ah ! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unshod,
 Now race round the paddock, now roll on the sod ;
 Where first thy young hoof the green herbage
 impress'd,
 There, the shoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to
 rest !

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things ;
But a true science of distinguishing

* * * * *

BEN JONSON.

AS when two dogs in furious combat close,
The bone forgotten whence the strife arose,
Some village cur secures the prize unseen,
And, while the mastiffs battle, picks it clean ;
So when two horsemen, jostling side by side,
Heed not the pack, but at each other ride,
More glorious still the loftier fences deem,
And face the brook where widest flows the stream ;
One breathless steed, when spurs no more avail,
Rolls o'er the cop, and hitches on the rail ;
One floundering lies—to watery ditch consign'd,
While laughing school-boy leaves them both behind,
Pricks on his pony 'till the brush be won,
And bears away the honors of the run.

SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WRITTEN AT TOLLY HOUSE IN

ROSS-SHIRE, 1845.

I.

UP in the morning ! the river runs merrily,
Clouds are above and the breezes blow
cool,
Tie the choice fly now and casting it warily,
Fish the dark ripple that curls o'er the pool ;
Steadily play with him,
On through the spray with him,
Gaff, and away with him
On to the shore !
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy now
Haunts us no more !

II.

Up in the morning ! young birds in full feather
now,

Brood above brood on the mountain side lie ;
Setters well broken are ranging the heather now,
Bird after bird taking wing but to die !

Grouse without number now
Gillies encumber now ;—
Echo in slumber now
Resteth again.

Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
No melancholy now,
Sorrow, or pain.

III.

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day, clad for a tussle now !—

Keen eyes have mark'd the wild Hart on the
hill ;

Toil for the Stalker !—wind, sinew and muscle,
now

All will be needed, ere testing his skill !

Gillies now frolicking,
Roaring and rollicking,
Hey ! for a grollocking,—
Rip up the deer,—

Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
No melancholy now

Haunteth us here.

IV.

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day ! what may your pleasure
be ?

Black-cock or ptarmigan, roebuck or hare ?
Bright with delight let each moment of leisure be,
Left in the lowlands, a fig for dull Care !

Wood, stream, and heather now,
Yielding together now,
Sport for all weather now,—

Up in the morn !

Pastime at Tolly now,

Oh ! it is jolly now,

Sad melancholy, now

Laugh her to scorn !

THE BALL AND THE BATTUE.

I.

DAY by the silk waistcoat, so gaudy and green !
 And clothe me this morning in black
 velveteen ;
 A kerchief of blue,
 And a waterproof shoe,
 For now the Ball's over I'll join the Battue !

II.

Let the shot-belt of leather replace the gold chain,
 The ramrod be handled instead of the cane ;
 A pancake so flat,
 Was my ball-going hat,
 But a dumpling to shoot in is better than that !

III.

My fiddle a Manton, a tune I'll prepare
 Which shall teach the cock-pheasants to reel in
 the air ;
 While snipes as they fly
 Pirouette in the sky,
 And rabbits and hares in the gallopade die.

IV.

“ Once more might I view thee, sweet partner ! ”

“ Mark hare !

She is gone down the middle and up again there”—

“ That hand might I kiss,

Mark cock !—did I miss ?

Ye Gods ! who could shoot with a weapon
like this ?

V.

“ I’ve a thorn in my breast which deprives me of
speech ;—

Ah me ! but what’s this that I feel in my breech ?

Overwhelm’d, unaware,

In the depth of despair—

Ods bobs ! over head in a pit, I declare ! ”

VI.

Thus a glance may from slaughter whole covers
reclaim,

Thus oft the fair sex prove preservers of game ;

For when the heart aches,

Then alas ! the hand shakes,

And sighs beget curses, and curses mistakes.

VII.

Oh ! ye who encourage the long-feather’d breed !

To the Ball overnight let the Battue succeed ;

Cock-pheasants all,

Be the shot large or small,

May in safety crow over it after a Ball.

THE SAWYER.

The imaginary catastrophe, which is the subject of the following lines, originated in the warning given by one of our party to the Factor at Abergeldie, that, if he persisted in falling timber during the term of our lease, he must hold himself responsible should any one “ Shoot a Sawyer.”

I.

NOW Albergeldie gillies, as they range our
forest-ground,
See sawing here, see sawing there, see sawpits all
around ;
In fear and dread, as on they tread no whiskey
dare they touch,
No ! not a drop, left, neck and crop, they take a
drop too much.

II.

“ Aim straight to-day, my comrades, 'twill be
truly a dear hit
If, shooting deer in the forest here, manslaughter
you commit ;
If feller, fell'd, should in the act of striking be down
struck,
Or Sawyer kick the bucket here, mistaken for a
Buck.”

III.

Vain words ! forth came a bounding stag, his
antler'd head on high,
And, caring not a whistle for the balls that whistled
by,
Away, alive and kicking, to the distant mountain
sped ;—
Though de'il a bit the deer was hit, the deal-
cutter was dead.

IV.

His skull was crack'd, his only wage that day was
half-a-crown,
He was cutting up a billet when the bullet cut
him down ;
Many thousand feet of timber had that Sawyer rent
in twain,
Now himself was split asunder, very much against
the grain.

v.

We needed not the Sexton with his pickaxe and
his spade,
In the sawpit which himself had dug his grave was
ready made ;
Top Sawyer though he had been, to the bottom
he was thrust,
And we binn'd him like a bottle of old Sherry in
sawdust.

VI.

Full many a railway sleeper had he made since
 peep of day,
Ere night himself a sleeper in his narrow bed he lay;
No tear-drop unavailingly we shed upon the spot,
But we sprinkled him with whiskey to preserve
 him from dry rot.

VII.

Oh no ! we never mention him, that shot we
 never own,
We book'd him in the game book as an " animal
 unknown ! "
We know not how the wife and bears without
 his board subsist,
We only know we hit him, and he has not since
 been miss'd.

THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES.

A FABLE.

BEFORE the pack for many a mile
A fox had sped in gallant style;
But gasping with fatigue at last,
The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast;
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With draggled brush and stealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,
So springing, heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes;
To him it seem'd a bed of roses,
As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that bush, his fears allay'd,
He many a sage reflection made;
“ ‘Tis true, whene'er I stir,” he cried,
“ The brambles wound my bleeding side,
“ But he who seeks may seek in vain

“ For perfect bliss ; then why complain ?
“ Since, mingled in one current, flow
“ Both good and evil, joy and woe ;
“ Oh ! let me still with patience bear
“ The evil, for the good that’s there.
“ Howe’er unpleasant this retreat,
“ Yet every bitter has its sweet ;
“ The brambles pierce my skin, no doubt,
“ The hounds had torn my entrails out.”

Good farmers ! read, nor take amiss,
The moral which I draw from this ;
Grieve not o’er gap or broken gate ;
The damage small, the profit great ;
The love of sport to home brings down
Your Landlord from the smoky town,
To dwell and spend his rents among
The tenantry, from whom they sprung.
Though vainly, when he leads the chase,
His willing steed urged on apace,
When scent is good, and hounds are fleet,
Though vainly then you shout, “ Ware wheat ! ”
That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
And your’s the corn on which he’s fed ;
Ah ! then, restrain your rising ire,
Nor rashly damn the Hunting Squire.

THE EARTH STOPPER.

I.

TERROR of henroofs ! now from hollow
sand-earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

II.

Rouse thee ! Earth stopper ! rouse thee from thy
slumber !
Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
While the good housewife, crawling from her
blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

III.

Clad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old doghorse, spade upon thy shoulder,
Wiry hair'd Vixen, wheresoe'er thou wendest,
'Ready to follow.

IV.

Though the chill rain drops, driven by the north
wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through
thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken
winded,

Hobble on three legs ;

V.

Finish thy night-work well, or woe betide thee !
If on the morrow irritated Huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Find the earths open !

TARWOOD:

A RUN WITH THE HEYTHROP.

HE waited not—he was not found—
 No warning note from eager hound,
 But echo of the distant horn,
 From outskirts of the covert borne,
 Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
 Proclaim'd that he was gone away.

Away ! ere yet that blast was blown,
 The fox had o'er the meadow flown ;
 Away ! away ! his flight he took,
 Straight pointing for the Windrush brook !

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
 Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,
 He view'd the fox across the flat,
 And, needless signal, waved his hat ;
 He saw him clear with easy stride
 The stream by which the mill was plied ;
 Like phantom fox he seem'd to fly,
 With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town
He travell'd neither up nor down ;
But straight away, like arrow sped
From cloth yard bow, he shot a-head.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he past,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, now by Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew ;
At Grafton now his course inclined,
And Kelmscote now is left behind !

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with their classic wave,
O'er those wide meadows speeding on,
He near'd the bridgeway of St. John ;
He paused a moment on the bank,
His footsteps in the ripple sank,
He felt how cold, he saw how strong
The rapid river roll'd along ;
Then turn'd away, as if to say,
“ All those who like to cross it may.”

The Huntsman, though he view'd him back,
View'd him too late to turn the pack,
Which o'er the tainted meadow prest,
And reach'd the river all abreast ;
In with one plunge, one billowy splash,
In—altogether—in they dash,
Together stem the wintry tide,
Then shake themselves on t'other side !

“ Hark, hollo back !” that loud halloo
Then eager, and more eager grew,
Till every hound, recrossing o'er,
Stoop'd forward to the scent once more ;
Nor further aid, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.

Away ! away ! uncheck'd in pace,
O'er grass and fallow swept the chace ;
To hounds, to horses, or to men,
No child's play was the struggle then ;
A trespasser on Milward's ground,
He climb'd the pale that fenced it round ;
Then close by Little Hemel sped,
To Fairford pointing straight a-head,
Though now, the pack approaching nigh,
He heard his death-note in the cry ;
They view'd him, and now seem'd their race,
The very lightning of the chace !
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane,
He strove to cross it, but in vain,
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling still—he died.

This gallant fox, in Tarwood found,
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground ;
Had fought in cover, left or right,
No shelter to conceal his flight ;
But nigh two hours the open kept,
As stout a fox as ever stept !

That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;
The eager steeds which they bestrode
Paced, to and fro, the Witney road,
For hard as iron shoe that trod
Its surface, the unyielding sod ;
They champ'd the bit and twitch'd the rein,
And paw'd the frozen earth in vain ;
Impatient with fleet hoof to scour
The vale, each minute seem'd an hour,
Till mid-day sun had made the ground
Fit treading for the foot of hound ;
Still Rumour says of that array
Scarce ten lived fairly through the day.

Ah ! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there ?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind ?

Though Cokethorpe seem one open plain,
'Tis slash'd and sluiced with many a drain,
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
From Bampton to the river's bounds
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
Yet many a horse of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;
For blackthorns stiff the fields divide
With watery ditch on either side.

By Lechlade's village fences rise
Of every sort and every size,
And frequent there the grievous fall
O'er slippery bank and crumbling wall ;
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
A fix'd incumbrance on the land !
While others prove o'er post and rail
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;
He went, they say, like one bewitch'd,
Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;
There, reckles of the pain, he sigh'd
To think he might not onward ride ;
Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following still the chace ;
He bade his many friends forbear
The proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;
“ Oh ! heed me not, but ride away !
The Tarwood fox must die to-day !”

Nor fell Valentia there alone,
There too in mid career was thrown
The Huntsman—in the breastplate swung
His heels—his body earthward hung ;
With many a tug at neck and mane,
Struggling he reach'd his seat again ;
Once more upon the back of Spangle,
His head and heels at proper angle,

(Poor Spangle in a piteous plight,)
He look'd around him, bolt upright,
Nor near nor far could succour see,—
Where can the faithless Juliet be?
He would have given half his wage
Just then to see her on the stage;
The pack those meads by Isis bound
Had reach'd ere Jem his Juliet found;
Well thence with such a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part she play'd.

There Isaac from the chase withdrew,
(A horse is Isaac, not a Jew,)
Outstretch'd his legs, and shook his back,
Right glad to be relieved of Jack;
And Jack, right glad his back to quit,
Gave Beatrice a benefit.

Moisture and mud the “Fungus” suit,
In boggy ditch he, taking root,
For minutes ten or there about,
Stood planted, till they pluck'd him out.
By application of spur rowel
Charles rubb'd him dry without a towel.

Say, as the pack by Kelmscote sped,
Say who those horsemen cloath'd in red?
Spectators of the chase below,
Themselves no sign of movement show;
No wonder—they were all aghast

To see the pace at which it past ;
The “White Horse Vale”—well known to Fame
The pack to which it gives a name ;
And there they stood as if spell bound,
Their morning fox as yet unfound ;
Borne from that wood, their Huntsman’s cheer
Drew many a Tarwood straggler near,
And he who felt the pace too hot,
There gladly sought a resting spot ;
Himself of that White Horse availing,
When conscious that his own was failing.

Thus ships, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy,
Where vessels safely shelter’d lie,
There seek a refuge from the gale,
Cast anchor, and let down the sail.

The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van ;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost in the fray ;
And Holloway, with best intent,
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And Williams, clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back ;
And Tollit, ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.

A pretty sight at first to see
Young Pretyman on Modesty !
But Pretyman went on so fast,
That Modesty took fright at last ;
So bent was she to shun disgrace,
That in the brook she hid her face ;
So bashful, that to drag her out
They fetch'd a team and tackle stout.

When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;
While Rival's portrait, on the wall,
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning scent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;
How *Whimsey* led the pack at first ;
When Reynard from the woodside burst,
How *Pamela*, a puppy hound,
First seized him, struggling on the ground ;
How *Prudence* shunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care ;
How *Alderman*, a foxhound staunch,
Work'd well upon an empty paunch ;
How Squires were, following thee, upset,
Right honourable *Baronet* ;
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where close and thick the fences grew,
Three Bitches led the tuneful throng,

All worthy of a place in song ;
Old *Fairplay*, ne'er at skirting caught,
And *Pensive* speeding quick as thought ;
While *Handsome* proved the adage true,
They handsome are that handsome do !

Then long may courteous Redesdale live !
And oft his pack such gallops give !
Should fox again so stoutly run,
May I be there and see the fun !

1845.

EPITAPH

ON the Duke of Wellington's Charger "Copenhagen," so named from the circumstance of his having been foaled in the year of that battle. He was buried at Strathfieldsaye, February, 1836.

WITH years o'erburden'd, sunk the battle
steed ;—

War's funeral honours to his dust decreed ;
A foal when Cathcart overpower'd the Dane,
And Gambier's fleet despoil'd the northern main,
'Twas his to tread the Belgian field, and bear
A mightier chief to prouder triumphs there !
Let Strathfieldsaye to wondering patriots tell
How Wellesley wept when "Copenhagen" fell.

CHARADE.

THE Squire, on his Grey,
Has been hunting all day,
So at night let him drown his fatigue in the bowl ;
But ere quenching his thirst,
To get rid of my *first*,
Let him call for my *second* to bring him my
whole.

INSCRIPTION

ON A GARDEN SEAT FORMED FROM THE BONES
OF AN OLD RACER.

I.

STILL, tho' bereft of speed,
Compell'd to carry weight ;
Alas ! unhappy steed,
Death cannot change thy fate.

II.

Upon the turf still ridden,
Denied a grave below,
Thy weary bones forbidden
The rest that they bestow.

FARMER DOBBIN.

A DAY WI' THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS.

“ **O**ULD mon, it’s welly milkin toim, where
ever ’aft ’ee bin ?

Thear’s slutch upo’ thoi coat, oi see, and blood
upo’ thoi chin ;”

“ Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o’ Cheshur roid
a run,

Owd wench ; oiv been a hunting, an oiv seen
some rattling fun.

“ Th’ owd mare was i’ the smithy when the
huntsman, he trots through,

Black Bill agate o’ ammering the last nail in her
shoe ;

The cuvver laid so wheam loik, and so jovial foin
the day,

Says I, ‘ Owd mare, we’ll tak a fling and see’em
go away.’

“ When up, an oi’d got shut ov aw the hackney
pads an traps,

Orse dealers an orse jockey lads, an such loik
swaggering chaps,

Then what a power o' gentlefolk did oi set oies
upon !

A reining in their hunters, aw blood orses every
one !

“ They’d aw got bookskin leathers on, a fitten
’em so toight,
As roind an plump as turmits be, an just about as
whoit ;
Their spurs wor maid o’ filler, and their buttons
maid o’ brasf,
Their coats wor red as carrots an their collurs
green as grafs.

“ A varment looking gemman on a woiry tit I
seed,
An another close besoid him, sitting noble on his
steed ;
They ca’ them both owd codgers, but as fresh as
paint they look,
John Glegg, Esquier, o’ Withington, an bowd
Sir Richard Brooke.

“ I seed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the best un o’
that breed,
His smoiling feace tould plainly how the sport wi’
him agreed :
I seed the ’Arl ov Grosvenor, a loikly lad to roid,
I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farencly
young broid.

“ Zur Umferry de Trafford an the Squoir ov
Arley Haw,
His pocket full o’ rigmarole, a rhoiming on ’em
aw ;
Two Members for the Cointy, both aloik ca’d
Egerton ;—
Squier Henry Brooks and Tummus Brooks, they’d
aw green collurs on.

“ Eh ! what a man be Dixon John, ov Astle
Haw, Esquier,
You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow
in the shoir ;
Squier Wilbraham o’ the Forest, who deloighteth
in the sport,
And noicely clad the Capesthorne lad, Squire
Arthur Davenport.

“ The Honerable Lazzles, who from forrin parts
be cum,
An a chip of owd Lord Delamere, the Honerable
Tum ;
Squier Fox an Booth an Worthington, Squoir
Massey an Squoir Harne,
An many more big sportsmen, but their neames
I didna larn.

“ I seed that great commander in the saddle,
Captain Whoit,
An the pack as thrung’d about him was indeed
a gradely soight ;

The dugs look'd foin as satin, an himsel look'd
 hard as nails,
 An he giv the swells a caution not to roid upo'
 their tails.

“ Says he, ‘ Yung men o’ Monchester an
 Livverpoo, cum near,
 Oiv just a word, a warning word, to whisper in
 your ear,
 When, starting from the cuvver soid, ye see bowd
 Reynard burft,
 We canna ’ave no ’unting if the gemmen go it
 first.’

“ Tom Rance has got a single oie, wurth many
 another’s two,
 He held his cap abuv his yed to shew he’d had
 a view ;
 Tom’s voice was loik th’ owd raven’s when he
 skroik’d out ‘ Tally ho !’
 For when the fox had seen Tom’s feace he thought
 it toim to go.

“ Eh moy ! a pratty jingle then went ringin
 through the skoy,
 Furst Victory, then Villager begun the merry
 croy,
 Then every maith was open from the oud’un to
 the pup,
 An aw the pack together took the swellin chorus up.

“ Eh moy ! a pratty skouver then was kick’d up
in the vale,
They skim’d across the running brook, they topp’d
the post an rail,
They didna stop for razzur cop, but play’d at
touch an go,
An them as miss’d a footin there, lay doubled up
below.

“ I seed the ’ounds a crossing Farmer Flareup’s
boundary loin,
Whose daughter plays the peany and drinks whoit
sherry woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger and silk stockings on
her feet ;
Says I, ‘ It won’t do him no harm to roid across
his wheat.’

“ So, toightly houdin on by’th yed, I hits th’ owd
mare a whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o’ the wheatfield
neck an crop ;
An when hoo floinder’d out on it I catch’d another
spin,
An, missis, that’s the cagion o’ the blood upo’
my chin.

“ I never ofs’d another lep, but kep the lane, an
then
In twenty minutes’ toim about they turn’d toart
me agen ;

The fox was foinly daggled, an the tits aw out o' breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an owd Dobbin feed the death.

“ Loik dangling of a babby, then the Huntsman hove him up,
The dugs a bayin roind him, while the gemman croid, ‘ Whoo-hup !’
As doesome cawves lick fleetings out o’ th’ piggin in the shed,
They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail an yed.

“ Now, missis, sin the markets be a doing moderate well,
Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag mysel ;
For to keep a farmer’s spirits up ’gen things be gettin low,
Theer’s nothin loik Fox-huntin and a rattling Tally-ho !”

CHESHIRE JUMPERS.

I.

I ASK'D in much amazement, as I took my morning ride,
 "What means this monster meeting, that collects at Highwayside?
 Who are ye? and what strange event this gathering crowd excites?
 Are ye scarlet men of Babylon, or mounted Mormonites?"

II.

A bearded man on horseback answer'd blandly with a smile,—
 "Good Sir, no Canters are we, though we canter many a mile;
 Nor will you find a Ranter here amongst our merry crew,
 Though if you seek a Roarer, there may chance be one or two.

III.

"With Shakers and with Quakers no connection,
 Sir, have we;
 We are not Plymouth Brothers, Cheshire Jumpers though we be;

'Tis mine between two champions bold to judge,
 if judge I can,
 And settle which, o'er hedge and ditch, will prove
 the better man.

IV.

" Mark well these two conditions, he who falls
 upon the field,
 Or he whose horse refuses twice the victory must
 yield."

As thus he spake he stroked his beard, and bade
 the champions go ;
 His beard was black as charcoal, but their faces
 white as snow.

V.

The ladies wave their kerchiefs as the rival jum-
 pers start,
 A smile of such encouragement might nerve the
 faintest heart ;
 The crowd that follow'd after with good wishes
 cheer'd them on,
 Some cried " Stick to it, Thomas," others shouted
 " Go it, John ! "

VI.

Awake to competition, and alive to any game,
 From Manchester and Liverpool the speculators
 came ;
 They calculated nicely every chance of loss or gain ;
 Some staked their cash on cotton, some preferr'd
 the sugar cane.

VII.

Bold Thomas took precedence, as a proper man
to lead,
And straightway at a hedgerow cop he drove his
gallant steed ;
He's off—he's on—he's over—is bold Thomas
in his seat ?
Yes, the rider's in his saddle, and the horse is on
his feet !

VIII.

Make way for John ! the Leicester Don ! John
clear'd it far and wide,
And scornfully he smiled on it when landed t'other
side ;
The prelude thus accomplish'd, without loss of life
or limb,
John's backers, much embolden'd, offer two to
one on him.

IX.

Now John led off; the choice again was fix'd upon
a cop,
A rotten ditch in front of it, a rail upon the top ;
While shouts of “ Bono Johnny” to the echoing
hills were sent,
He wink'd his eye, and at it, and right over it he
went.

X.

Hold him lightly, Thomas, lightly, give him freedom ere he bound,
Why shape your course with so much force, to run yourself aground?
Thus against a Russian rampart goes a British cannon ball :
Were Thomas at Sebastopol, how speedily 'twould fall !

XI.

Would you gain that proud preeminence on which your rival stands,
Upraise your voice, uprouse your horse, but slacken both your hands.—
'Tis vain, 'tis vain, his steed again stands planted in the ditch ;
The game is o'er, he tries no more, who makes a second hitch.

XII.

Thus, unlike the wars of Lancaster and York, in days of yore,
The Chester strife with Leicester unexpectedly was o'er ;
We else had learnt which method best insures us from a fall,
The Chester on-and-off step, or the Leicester, clearing all ?

XIII.

Whether breeches white, or breeches brown, the
more adhesive be,
And which the more effectual spur, Champagne or
Eau-de-vie?
These, alas! and other problems which their pro-
gress had reveal'd,
Remain unsettled questions for the future hunting
field.

XIV.

One lesson learn, young ladies all, who came to
see the show,
Remember, in the race of life, once only to say
“No;”
This moral, for your warning, to my ditty I attach,
May ye ne'er by two refusals altogether lose a
match!

1854.

TARPORLEY HUNT SONG.

I.

THE Eagle won Jupiter's favour,
 The Sparrow to Venus was dear,
 The Owl of Minerva, though graver,
 We want not its gravity here ;
 The Swallow flies fast, but remember
 The Swallow with Summer is gone,
 What bird is there left in November
 To rival the Tarporley Swan ?

II.

Though scarlet in colour our clothing,
 Our collars though green in their hue,
 The red cap of liberty loathing,
 Each man is at heart a True Blue ;
 Through life 'tis our sworn resolution,
 To stick to the pig-skin and throne ;
 We are all for a good constitution,
 Each man taking care of his own.

III.

The Sailor, who rides on the ocean,
With cheers may encounter the foe ;
Wind and steam, what are they to horse motion ?
Sea cheers, to a land Tally-ho ?
The canvas, the screw, and the paddle,
The speed of a thorough bred lack,
When fast in the foxhunting saddle,
We gallop astern of the pack.

IV.

Quæsitum, that standard of merit,
Where each his true level may know,
Checks pride in the haughty of spirit,
Emboldens the timid and slow ;
The liquor that sparkles before us,
The dumb when they drink it can speak,
While the deaf in the roar of our chorus
A cure for their malady seek.

V.

Forget not that other Red Jacket,
Turn'd up with green laurel and bay !
The tri-colour'd banners that back it !
The might of their mingled array !
Forget not the deeds that unite 'em
As comrades, though rivals in fame ;
But fill to the brim that quæsitum
Which Friendship and Chivalry claim.

WE ARE ALL OF US TAILORS IN
TURN.

I.

I WILL sing you a song of a fox-hunting bout,
They shall tell their own tale who to-day
 were thrown out ;
For the fastest as well as the slowest of men,
Snobs or top-sawyers, alike now and then,
 We are all of us tailors in turn.

II.

Says one, “ From the cover I ne’er got away,
Old Quidnunc sat quoting *The Times* on his Grey,
How Lord Derby was wrong, and Lord Aberdeen
 right,
And the hounds, ere he finish’d, were clean out of
sight.”
 We are all of us tailors in turn.

III.

Says one, “ When we started o’er fallow and grass,
I was close at the tail of the hounds, but, alas !

We came down to a drain in that black-bottom'd
fen,

If I had but been on my brook-jumper—O,
then!"—

We are all of us tailors in turn.

IV.

"Dismounting," says one, "at a gate that was fast,
The crowd, pushing through, knock'd me down
as it it pass'd;

My horse seized the moment to take his own fling,
Who'll again do, out hunting, a good-natured
thing!"

We are all of us tailors in turn.

V.

"Down the lane went I merrily sailing along,
Till I found," says another, "my course was all
wrong;

I thought that his line toward the breeding-earth
lay,

But he went, I've heard since, just the opposite
way."

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VI.

From the wine-cup o'er night some were sorry
and sick,

Some skirted, some craned, and some rode for a nick;

Like whales, in the water some flounder'd about,
Thrown off and thrown in, they were also thrown
out.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VII.

“ You will find in the field a whole ton of lost
shoes.”—

A credulous blacksmith, believing the news,
Thought his fortune were made if he walk'd o'er
the ground ;—

He lost a day's work, but he ne'er a shoe found !

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VIII.

What deeds would one hero have done on his Grey,
Who was nowhere at all on his Chestnut to-day !
All join in the laugh when a braggart is beat,
And that jest is loved best which is aim'd at conceit.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

IX.

Good fellows there are, unpretending and slow,
Who can ne'er be thrown out, for they ne'er
mean to go ;

But, when the run's over, these oftentimes tell
The story far better than they who went well.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

X.

How trifling a cause will oft lose us a run !
From the find to the finish how few see the fun !
A mischance it is call'd when we come to a halt ;—
I ne'er heard of one who confess'd it a fault,
 Yet we're all of us tailors in turn.

A WORD ERE WE START.

I.

BOYS to the hunting-field ! though 'tis November,
 The wind's in the south ;—but a word ere we start.—

Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
 That hunting's a science, and riding an art.

II.

The order of march and the due regulation
 That guide us in warfare, we need in the chase—
 Huntsman and Whip, each his own proper station,
 Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place.

III.

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover ;
 The horse is an animal purposely bred
After the pack to be ridden, not *over*—
 Good hounds are not rear'd to be knock'd on
 the head.

IV.

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breast-plate and bridle, girth, stirrup, and chain ;
You will need not two arms, if the mouth be well
bitted,
One hand lightly used will suffice for the rein.

V.

Buckskin's the only wear fit for the saddle ;
Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chase ;
In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle,
The calves of a fox-hunter white ones incase.

VI.

If your horse be well bred and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O, then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your saddle and keep his head
straight !

VII.

Pastime for princes !—prime sport of our nation !
Strength in their sinew and bloom on their
cheek ;
Health to the old, to the young recreation ;
All for enjoyment the hunting-field seek.

VIII.

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful ;—
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat ;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful !
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet !

HARD-RIDING DICK.

I.

FROM the cradle his name has been “ Hard-riding Dick,”

Since the time when cock-horse he bestraddled a stick ;

Since the time when, unbreech’d, without saddle or rein,

He kick’d the old jackass along the green lane.

II.

Dick, wasting no time o’er the classical page,
Spent his youth in the stable without any wage ;
The life of poor Dick, when he enter’d his teens,
Was to sleep in the hay-loft and breakfast on beans.

III.

Promoted at length, Dick’s adventures began :—
A stripling on foot, but when mounted a man ;
Capp’d, booted, and spurr’d, his young soul was on fire,

The day he was dubb’d “ Second Whip ” to the Squire.

IV.

See, how Dick, like a dart, shoots a-head of the pack !

How he stops, turns, and twists, rates, and rattles them back !

The laggard exciting, controlling the rash,
He can comb down a hair with the point of his lash.

V.

Oh ! show me that country which Dick cannot cross—

Be it open or wood, be it upland or moss,
Through the fog or the sunshine, the calm or the squall,

By day-light or star-light, or no light at all !

VI.

Like a swallow can Dick o'er the water-flood skim,
And Dick, like a duck, in the saddle can swim ;
Up the steep mountain side like a cat he can crawl,
He can squeeze like a mouse through a hole in the wall !

VII.

He can tame the wild young one, inspirit the old.
The restive, the runaway, handle and hold ;
Sharp steel or soft-sawder, whiche'er does the trick,
It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick.

VIII.

Bid the chief from the Desert bring hither his mare,
To ride o'er the plain against Dick if he dare ;
Bring Cossack or Mexican, Spaniard or Gaul,
There's a Dick in our village will ride round
them all !

IX.

A whip is Dick's sceptre, a faddle Dick's throne,
And a horse is the kingdom he rules as his own ;
While grasping ambition encircles the earth,
The dominions of Dick are enclosed in a girth.

X.

Three ribs hath he broken, two legs, and one arm,
But there hangs, it is said, round his neck a life-
charm ;

Still long odds are offer'd that Dick, when he drops,
Will die, as he lived, in his breeches and tops.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

ON AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE.

I.

AS fairy like, thy bounding feet,
 The joyful ground to music beat,
 Fair dancer ! from thy garment fell
 This mimic rose I love so well.

II.

I snatch'd it up—I kiss'd—I prest
 The fallen treasure to my breast ;
 Nor all the sweets of Eden's bower
 Should tempt me to resign this flower.

III.

Now let old Anacreon sing
 His darling rose, the pride of spring ;
 To me more dear,—to me more sweet,
 Than nature's flower, this counterfeit.

IV.

Say'st thou that its leaves are dry ?
 At night, I'll fill the goblet high ;
 And as the bowl to thee I drain,
 I'll sprinkle them with ruby rain.

V.

Tell me not the garden's rose
With bloom inimitable glows ;
Rough winter comes with withering blast ;
Transient charm ! behold it past.

VI.

Time shall ne'er these leaves invade ;
They ne'er shall fall—they ne'er shall fade ;
But like the love I bear to thee,
This rose shall bloom eternally !

BALLAD.

THE occurrence here related took place near the village of Gressenig, about a league from Stollberg, during the retreat of the French army, under Dumouriez.

I.

THE tide of war had turn'd at last,
As the ocean backward flows ;
The army of Gaul was retiring fast,
From the might of her Austrian foes.

II.

There was a young and lovely bride
Mid the ranks of those that fled ;
She follow'd the steps and she fought by the side
Of him she had lately wed.

III.

She had left her home in that fertile soil
Where the vine and the olive grow,
For fields of blood, and to share in the toil
That her lover must undergo.

IV.

Alas ! that love which had nerved her heart
 To war and its daring deeds,
 Could not to her tender frame impart
 The strength a soldier needs.

V.

Now linger'd that youth with his bride in the rear,
 For her limbs began to fail,
 And the hue of her cheek, tho' unchanged by fear,
 With weariness grew pale.

VI.

He look'd on her features in fond despair,
 As he held her to his breast ;
 And her drooping head, as they tarried there,
 Sunk in his arms to rest.

VII.

From that hurried sleep, when she woke again,
 Far from her anxious sight,
 The distant bands of her countrymen
 Had vanish'd in their flight.

VIII.

Then, together they left the beaten track,
 And sought the forest shade :
 She wish'd from that host not a soldier back,
 While her own stood by to aid.

IX.

Hid from the search of pursuers there,
For days and nights they sped ;
The fruits of the forest their only fare,
The leaves their only bed.

X.

Fondly they thought that those paths might guide
Once more to their native land ;
Vain hope ! what sees that startled bride ?
Why grasps she her lover's hand ?

XI.

'Tis the levell'd gun of a foeman near,
Half hid by the copsewood screen ;—
She clung, as a shield, to that breast so dear,
And the fatal flash was seen !

XII.

They fell—their heart's blood stain'd the spot
Where yon lonely cypress grows ;
Their bodies, pierced by that single shot,
In a single grave repose.

SONG OF ODIN.

I.

WHEN Odin his buckler had girded on,
 Many a mother might weep for her son ;
 Woe to the foeman who ventured nigh
 That unsheathe'd sword or that angry eye ;
 That club, when uplifted, ne'er fell to the ground
 But the brains of a victim were scatter'd around.

II.

When he led his bold band to the battle-plain,
 Who could e'er number the foes that were slain ?
 Heap upon heap they were backwards cast,
 As drifted snow by the whirlwind's blast ;
 In accents of thunder, he cheer'd to the slaughter,
 And his white lips foam'd like the ocean's water.

III.

Vainly the shrieks of the dying implore ;
 His wrath was unquench'd, tho' he waded in gore ;
 There was but one found that could sink on his
 breast,
 Like a charm on the ocean, and lull it to rest ;

Still reek'd his red sword, still flash'd his fierce eye,
Till the shout of his comrades was “Victory!”

IV.

Such was fierce Odin, and such must he be
Who would banquet with him in the halls of the
free;

In the halls of the blest, where each warrior-guest
Shall sit by the side of the maid he loves best;
While sweetly her song shall his deeds declare,
And her music shall charm with its witching strain;
She shall smooth from his forehead the blood-clotted
hair,

That a chaplet of triumph his temples may bear,
As he drinks from the skull of a foeman slain.

CHANT DU MARIN.

PAR J. REBOUL DE NISMES.

(Translated from the French.)

I.

THE sea ! unfathom'd in its depth, unbounded
in its flow ;
The sea ! whereon the brave of heart may wander
to and fro ;
The sea ! within whose mighty arms the earth a
captive lies,
Whose depth is intermingled with the depth of
distant skies.

II.

The sea ! how calm and smiling when with azure
hue it gleams ;
The sea ! how like a cradled child in playfulness
it seems ;
The sea ! which was my birth-place when the
tempest shook its wave ;
The sea ! within whose bosom I await a sailor's grave.

III.

O sea ! be mine no burial-place beyond thy rolling
surge ;—
When the seamew, wildly screaming, shall have
sung my funeral dirge,
The billow, as a winding sheet enwrapp'd me,
never more
Cast back my limbs to lie and rot upon the hated
shore.

IV.

It would pain and break my slumber were I laid
below the sward ;
O'er the ashes of thy lover keeping fond and jealous
ward,
Yield not thy charge till summon'd by the trumpet
loud and dread,
Restore them not till doomsday shall awake and
claim the dead.

ON THE BOWMEETING AND
FANCY FAIR,

Held at Hawarden Castle, August 25, 1835.

THE tents are pitch'd in Hawarden's peaceful
vale,
And harmless shafts the platted targe assail ;
While now the bow (by archers more intent
On making love than making war) is bent,
Beneath those towers, where erst their fathers drew,
In deadly conflict, bows of tougher yew.
The canvas stretch'd beneath th'o'erhanging wall,
Now Beauty lures us to her glittering stall ;
While wares new-fangled, shreds of motley hue,
Profusely spread, the chequer'd counter strew.

Beneath the magic of her touch, behold
Transform'd at once the warlike arms of old !
The mighty falchion to a penknife shrinks,
Mail armour's meshes form the purse's links ;
The sturdy lance a bodkin now appears,
A bunch of tooth-picks once a hundred spears !

A painted toy behold the keen-edged axe !
See men of iron turn'd to dolls of wax !
The once broad shield, contracted now in span,
Raifed as a screen or flutter'd as a fan ;
The gleaming helm a hollow thimble proves,
And weighty gauntlets dwindle into gloves ;
The plumes that wing'd the arrow through the sky,
Waft to and fro the shuttlecock on high ;
Two trusty swords are into scissors cross'd,
And dinted breastplates are in corsets lost ;
While dungeon chains, to gentler use consign'd,
Now silken laces, tighten stays behind.

Approach ! nor weapons more destructive fear,
Where'er ye turn, than pins and needles here.
While hobbling Age along the pathway crawls,
By aid of crutch, to scale the Castle walls,
With eager step advance, ye generous youths !
Draw the long purse, and strip the loaded booths !
Bear each away some trophy from the steep !
Take each a keepsake ere ye quit the keep !
Come ! every stranger, every guest draw nigh !
No peril waits you save from Beauty's eye.

BOWMEETING SONG,

ARLEY HALL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1851.

I.

THE tent is pitch'd, the target rear'd, the
ground is measured out,
For the weak arm sixty paces, and one hundred for
the stout !
Come gather ye together then, the youthful and
the fair,
And Poet's lay, to future day, the Victor shall
declare !

II.

Let busy fingers lay aside the needle and the thread,
To prick the golden canvas with a pointed arrow-
head ;
Ye sportsmen quit the stubble, quit, ye fishermen,
the stream,
Fame and glory stand before you, brilliant eyes
around you beam.

III.

All honor to the long-bow, which many a battle won,
Ere powder blazed and bullet flew, from arquebus
or gun;

All honor to the long-bow, which merry men of
yore,

With hound and horn at early morn, in greenwood
forest bore.

IV.

O ! famous is the Archer's sport, 'twas honor'd
long ago,

The God of Love, the God of Wit, bore both of
them a bow;

Love laughs to day in Beauty's eye and blushes on
her cheek,

And Wit is heard in every word, that merry Ar-
chers speak ;

V.

The Archer's heart, though, like his bow, a tough
and sturdy thing,

Is pliant still and yielding, when affection pulls the
string ;

All his words and all his actions are like arrows,
pointed well

To hit that golden centre, where true love and
friendship dwell.

VI.

They tell us in that outline which the lips of Beauty
show,
How Cupid found a model for his heart-subduing
bow ;
The arrows in his quiver are the glances from her
eye,
A feather from Love's wing it is, that makes the
arrow fly !

THE PAPER KNIFE.

BELINDA ! deem not this, my shining blade,
A useless toy, alone for show display'd,
But let this verse instruct thee how to prize
A wand wherein such various magic lies.

Peer'd at a slant, without my kindly aid,
The light of learning were but half display'd ;
The Poet's song, pour'd forth in numbers sweet,
Would waste its rhythm in the folded sheet ;
The march of intellect would lag behind,
And science fail to benefit mankind.

See 'neath my touch the sever'd leaves expand,
Diffusing knowledge o'er th' enlighten'd land ;
I sweep the quarto with majestic stride,
Through duodecimos with ease I glide ;
Hold in derision punctuation's laws,
Nor stop at colons, nor at commas pause ;
While one bent figure questions, " Why so fast ?"
And one with admiration stands aghast !
To suit the action to the word my care,
Though oft "*a passion into rags I tear ;*"

When hosts conflicting desperate warfare wage,
I cut and slash with all a hero's rage ;
When heroines pine in sentimental grief,
With listless languor part the yielding leaf ;
With ruthless step the lovers' bower invade,
And to rude eyes betray the blushing maid ;
The course of true love cannot smoothly run
Through volumes three till my consent be won ;
By mine the point in epigram is shown,
The edge of satire sharpen'd by my own ;
'Tis mine to smooth the ruffled critic's spleen,
When authors quarrel mine to intervene.
Or true or false I let the secret out,
Give wings to wit, and scatter jokes about !

Hard drudgery mine, the everlasting scrub
Of Village news-room, and of London club ;
Think through what columns, each succeeding day,
Both morn and eve, I pioneer the way ;
Sun, Star, Globe, Herald, Chronicle, and Post,
My ivory baton marshals all the host ;
To vulgar eyes reveals affairs of state,
Unfolds a tale or opens a debate.
Ye quidnuncs, patience ! though the *Times* be due,
Ye needs must wait till I have skimm'd it through ;
What though its pen the universe control,
It bides my pleasure ere its thunders roll.
Advertisements uncirculated lie,
Shows unannounced escape the public eye,
Puffs, like the winds in *Æolus*' cave, are pent
In hidden corners, till I give them vent.

All sides alike my pliant labours fit,
'Twixt Whig and Tory I the difference split ;
On every argument lay equal stress,
Promoting still the freedom of the press.

Now with the swain through pastoral meads I
stray,

Now through dull epics plod my weary way,
Now ghost-like glide before some tragic queen,
Now, ever varying, shift the comic scene ;
Nor tear-drop falls, nor sides with laughter shake,
Till I my entrance and my exit make.

EPIGRAMS.

ON SEEING IN THE SAME BOOK-SHELF

Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and Johnson's

Lives of Highwaymen.

SEE British bards and British cut-throats made
Alike immortal by a Johnson's aid !
The neckwith hemp, the brow with laurel bound,
The pen, the pistol, equally renown'd !
Fame's temple reaching by a different track,
Dryden on wings or Turpin on a hack !

CARVING AND GILDING.

“ **Y**OU see,” said our host, as we enter'd his
doors,
“ I have furnish'd my house à la Louis Quatorze.”
“ Then I wish,” said a guest, “ when you ask us
to eat,
You would furnish your board à la Louis Dixhuit ;
The eye, can it feast when the stomach is starving ?
Pray less of your gilding, and more of your carving.”

A RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

WHERE London's city skirts the Thames,
In ball-room met two rival dames ;
Quoth one, " Why all this youthful sham ?
You now are but a *has-been*, ma'am."
" 'Tis better far," was the reply,
" To be a *has-been* such as I,
Than still to hang upon the shelf,
A *never-was-er* like yourself."

A NEW DENOMINATION.

PHŒBE has lived a life of schism,
Been every " *ite*," tried every " *ism* ;"
Where rings the peal of pulpit thunder
Which she in turn has not sat under ?
Each change of wind gives fresh occasion
For shifting to a new persuasion ;
While wondering gossips, o'er their tea,
Each other ask, " What can she be,
When next the *Times* shall as a convert quote her,
A Plymouth Brother or a Yarmouth Bloater ? "

ON A SMOKING POET.

I.

IN vain Apollo you invoke,
In vain his inspiration claim ;
Your numbers, ending still in smoke,
Are, like your pipe, devoid of flame.

II.

Geneva, your Castalian rill ;
Enveloped in a murky shroud,
Your muses haunt Vesuvius' hill,
Your Pegasus a “ lazy cloud.”

III.

Inditing still nocturnal lays,
Her maudlin votary Fame deceives ;
And gives, instead of verdant bays,
A wreath of dried tobacco leaves.

ON A NEW CHURCH,

ERECTED A. D. 1842.

A SHALLOW chancel, scarce six feet by ten,
Which rail'd and painted forms a decent
pen ;
A lofty spire, which bears its glittering vane
Some hundred feet exalted from the plain ;
Say, was this would-be Christian elevation
Built for devotion or for ostentation ?
By the tall spire we gauge the pride of man,
The world's devotion by the chancel span.

ON THE ADMISSION OF JEWS
INTO PARLIAMENT.

FOR years unblest, all hope of rest forbidden
to his feet,
At last the Wandering Jew has found in West-
minster a seat ;
Jews' ears, they say, in olden day were fill'd with
molten lead,
The gold from out their pockets pick'd, the eyes
from out their head ;
Now, torturing still, with fresh ill-will, we show
our ceaseless hate,
And pour into the Hebrew's ear the lead of a debate.

ON SEEING SOME NAMES CUT
ON A PANE OF GLASS.

I.

TRUE wit, with fablest ink,
On crystal writes in vain ;
The trickling letters sink,
And fade upon the pane.

II.

But, ah ! should Folly's finger
With a diamond ring be blest,
His name and nonsense linger,
Indelibly impress'd.

III.

On Cloë's heart the same,
To sense and merit cold,
Whoe'er would grave his name,
Must boast a pen of gold.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

I.

TIME was, with sword and battle-axe,
 All clad in armour bright,
 When cleaving skulls asunder
 Was the business of a knight.

II.

Now chivalry means surgery,
 And spurs are won by him
 Who can mend a skull when broken,
 Or piece a fractured limb.

III.

Our knights of old couch'd lances,
 Drew long swords from the sheath,
 Now knighthood couches eye-balls,
 And chivalry draws teeth.

IV.

See ! rescued from confinement,
 To charm our ravish'd sight,
 Fair ladies are deliver'd
 By the arm of a true knight.

v.

Behold ! the knight chirurgeon
To deeds of blood advance,
A bandage for a banner !
And a lancet for a lance !

VI.

To heroes of the hospital
The “ bloody hand ” is due,
But ye heralds bend the fingers,
Or the fee may tumble through.

ON THE LANDLORD
OF THE WHITE HORSE INN, AT ALPNACH,
IN SWITZERLAND.

I.

THE white horse by minehoft has been brought
to the post,
Of his points and his pints he has reason to boast ;
To the guests who approach him a welcome he
snorts,
While they fill up his quarters and empty his quarts.

II.

Neither weak in his *Hocks*, nor deficient in *Beaune*,
In his *Cote* good condition though palpably shown,
There are folk, not a few, who still call him a screw ;
If applied to cork-drawing, the term may be true.

III.

Altogether reversing the old-fashion'd plan,
Here the horse puts a bit in the mouth of the man ;
And so long as not given to running away,
To the roadster who enters he never says “*Neigh.*”

IV.

He sets him, when caught, straight to work at the
Carte,
With the cost of it saddles him ere he depart,
Gives him three feeds a day and the run of the
bin,
And then makes him fork *out* for the good of the
Inn!

V.

They may call the grey mare at his side the best
horse,
But they both pull together for better for worse ;
Through the *heyday* of life may they pleasantly
pass,
Till by Death, that grim groom, they are turn'd
out to grafs.

THE FLYING HAT.

I.

TO ride in rough weather, her hat and feather
 A lady fair put on,
 And, facing the wind, was aggrieved to find
 Both hat and feather gone !

II.

With a look of despair, that lady fair
 Beheld them upwards soar ;—
 “ ‘Tis mine,” I cried, “ a race to ride
 I never rode before.”

III.

Ahead it flew, as a hat should do,
 While I spurr’d on behind ;
 Though wellnigh blown my gallant roan,
 The hat was still in wind.

IV.

With loaded gun the keepers run,
 They one and all agree,
 ’Twere well to slay this bird of prey
 And save the pheasantrie.

V.

With feather'd crest, and purple breast,
Its back was like a crow ;
Though flowing veil made wings and tail,
It had ne'er a leg below.

VI.

As up they gaze, in much amaze,
Their puzzled heads they shake ;
Unlike the hat they wonder at,
They are not “ wide awake.”

VII.

Without a hitch o'er hedge and ditch
I gallopp'd through the run ;
I stopp'd at nought till the hat was caught
And the prize I sought was won.

VIII.

“ Take, lady fair, the hat I bear,
And the wish that I impart ;
If worthy such meed, may he thus succeed
Who rides to win your heart !

IX.

“ May the warning you gather from lost hat and
feather
Be never through life forgot ;
Your riding-hat tied, and your heart, when a bride,
Made fast with a true-love-knot.”

THE DEATH OF GEOFFREY RUDEL
 THE TROUBADOUR, VERSIFIED FROM
 LA GAULE POETIQUE.

“ Petrarch, en parlant de cet infortuné troubadour, dit qu'il alla chercher la mort a force de rames et de voiles.”

HER wandering pilgrims, from the Syrian shore,
 Provence has welcomed to their home once more;
 And gathering crowds, with eager voice, demand
 What tidings bring they from the Holy Land?

They tell of battles by the Christian won,
 And deeds of daring by Crusaders done;
 They tell of perils and of toils past through,
 Till tears of pity every eye bedew;
 But worthier still of praise and wonder deem
 One gentle name, their still unceasing theme.

In Tripoli dwells, endow'd with beauty rare,
 A virgin princess, Melinsende the fair;
 They tell how never on this earth as yet
 Such various gifts in one fair mortal met;

How gentleness and dignity combine,
How wit and wisdom in her converse shine ;
Romance ne'er pictured to the dreamer's sight
A form so graceful or an eye so bright !

As though enchain'd by some strange magic
spell,

Still lingering, listens to the tale they tell,
With beating heart, the Troubadour Rudel.
Fly ! ere too late, unhappy Troubadour ;
Fly ! ere those words to thy destruction lure.
Alas ! already that encrimson'd cheek
And throbbing pulse love's influence bespeak !
That name by day his song's untiring theme,
That form by night the phantom of his dream.
Amid the arm'd chivalry of France,
Rudel no more shall to the lists advance,
Nor urge the steed, nor wield the knightly lance ;
Bright eyes, the glory of his native clime,
Shall win no more the homage of his rhyme. .
Let other minstrels now their charms recite,
He views them only as the stars of night ;
A fancied sun, in regions far away,
O'erpowers their light and lures him to its ray.

O'er fame and glory conquering love prevails,
His parting speeds, and still with favouring gales
Wafts on the vessel as it eastward sails ;
The winds outstripp'd by his impatient haste,
Oft o'er the deck with restless step he paced,
And chid the ocean for its lack of speed,
The waves too tardy for the lover's need ;

Now wrapp'd in silence, gazed with longing eye,
 Intent the haven of his hope to spy ;
 And now, reclined beneath the whistling shroud,
 Thus in sweet numbers told his pain aloud :—

SONG.

How bright with bliss, love-favouring night,
 When eyes, which I adore, with light
 Of seraph-sweetness beam ;
 Sad day, how dark ! when envious morn,
 From my fond sight that image torn,
 Dispels the dream !

O blissful night, when whisper'd near
 Those accents charm my listening ear,
 And all my senses thrill !
 Linger, night, linger yet awhile,
 And bid that harmony beguile
 My slumber still !

The morning sun disturbs a dream
 More beauteous than his midday beam—
 Strains which from Heaven fall !
 Strains which by day my ceaseless lyre,
 Still baffled in the vain desire,
 Would fain recall !

To catch the echo of the words he sung,
 On their poised oars the listening sailors hung ;

The vessel's track, in glistening scales array'd,
The dolphins follow'd as the minstrel play'd.
Alas ! already flush'd with fever's die,
The funken cheek, and the enfeebled sigh,
Tell how that flame, devouring night and day,
With pain unceasing, wastes his heart away.
Ah ! fond delusion, she, unseen, unknown,
That voice inspiring may not hear its tone,
Save in the utterance of life's parting moan.

In sight at length the wish'd-for shore appears,
And now the port the straining vessel nears ;
Ere from the mast the fluttering sails they lower,
The pitying sailors bear Rudel to shore.
Swift speeds his page, the wondering Princess seeks,
Kneels at her feet, and thus love's errand speaks :

“ Fair Melinsende ! from his distant home
Fame of thy beauty urged Rudel to roam ;
Th' enamour'd youth, that he those charms might
see,
Has cross'd the waves that sever'd him from thee.
Alas ! that love which led him o'er the wave,
In mockery guided only to his grave !
E'en now, his pallet stretch'd upon the beach,
Thy whisper'd name employs his feeble speech.
Haste, gentle Princess ! though the charms which
gave
Th' unconscious wound have now no power to
save,
In pity, haste ! though Heaven his life deny,
Bles with one look thy victim ere he die !”

Urged by a secret sympathy, she flies,
With eager steps, to where her votary lies ;
Though death now 'gan his closing sight to dim,
He saw those eyes, and saw them fix'd on him.
How far the bright reality excell'd,
Whate'er fond fancy had in dreams beheld !
“ ‘Tis thou ! ‘tis thou !” with struggling voice he
cried,
Press'd on her hand one fervent kiss and died.

Faintly his falling lyre was heard to fling
One plaintive echo from its broken string ;
The gale that swept it through the eastern grove,
Bore his chaste spirit to the realms above.

LORELEI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

WHERE the Rhine pursues its track
By the walls of Bacharach,
There a bright-eyed sorceress dwells,
Hearts bewitching with her spells.

. II.

By her magic charms perplexed,
Bravest men are sorely vexed,
Knight nor peasant rescue find
Whom her love-enchantments bind.

III.

Her the Bishop bade appear,
Judgment from the Church to hear ;
But could not her doom decree,
Of so fair a form was she !

IV.

Movingly to her he said,
“ Lorelei, misguided maid !
What hath tempted thee to ply
Damned craft of sorcery ? ”

V.

“ Holy Bishop ! let me die,
 Weary of my life am I ;
 In my glance there lurketh death,
 Whom I look on perisheth !

VI.

“ Stars of flaming light these eyne !
 Magic wand this arm of mine !
 Bind me to the burning stake,
 This my wand of magic break.”

VII.

“ Thy sad sentence must be stay’d
 Till thou hast confession made ;
 Why e’en now those flaming eyne
 Burn into this heart of mine.

VIII.

“ Lorelei ! this powerless hand
 Dare not break thy magic wand,
 Or, with pity for thy sake,
 Truly my own heart would break.”

IX.

“ Why those bitter words to me,
 Sporting with my misery ?
 Bishop ! more I need thy prayer
 That God’s mercy I may share ;

X.

“ Let me die, since nought can move
My sad heart again to love ;
Let thy lips my doom decree,
Death no terror has for me !

XI.

“ Me my lover has betray’d,
Left me a forsaken maid,
Wandering on some foreign shore,
To return again no more.

XII.

“ Eyes by nature soft and bright,
Cheeks where blended hues unite,
Voice of sweet and sorrowing tone,
My enchantments—these alone !

XIII.

“ Nor can I their influence fly,
Anguish stricken I must die ;
When my features I survey,
Sorrow wastes my heart away.

XIV.

“ Ere I die thy blessing give,
That with Jesu I may live ;
Why must I on earth abide,
Sever’d from my lover’s side ? ”

xv.

Three knights at his bidding wait :
 “ Bear her to the cloister straight.”
 “ Lorelei ! God’s mercy still
 Guard thy brain from further ill !

xvi.

“ Thou, in garb of nun bedight,
 Robe of black, and veil of white,
 There to prayer and penance given,
 Win thy way from earth to Heaven !”

xvii.

Now the mounted knights, all three,
 Ride forth to the nunnery ;
 Sadly on, with tearful eye,
 In the midst rode Lorelei.

xviii.

“ Let me now, I pray thee, knight,
 Stand upon yon rocky height,
 Once again my sight would fall
 On my lover’s castle wall ;

xix.

“ Once again my longing eyne
 Look into the depth of Rhine ;
 Then, within the cloister gate,
 I on God will ever wait.”

xx.

Where that rock from out the deep
Like a wall rose straight and steep,
Climbing up from stone to stone,
On the top she stood alone.

xxi.

Said the maid—“ A bark I spy
On the Rhine-stream floating by ;
He whom I, returning, see
Must, I trow, my lover be.

xxii.

“ Now my heart is light and free,
My lost lover, it is he !”
From the mountain’s rocky bank
Plunging—in the Rhine she sank.

SONG.

I.

WHEN the shades of night are sinking,
And the angry billows foam,
Love cheers the sailor, thinking
Of his sweetheart and his home.

II.

When rests the soldier dreaming,
With the toil of battle spent,
The light of Love is beaming
On the slumber of his tent.

III.

Love leads the courtly dances,
Making gay the princely hall,
Sweetly smiling in the glances
Which its chivalry enthral.

IV.

One seeks—another flights him—
Though he bliss to all impart,

The home Love most delights in
Is the village maiden's heart.

v.

When first its pulse revealeth
An emotion strange and new,
And the village maiden feeleth
That the tale Love tells is true.

CHIMONANTHUS FRAGRANS.

THESSE blossoms of empurpled hue,
They drink not of the vernal dew ;
They bloom not in the summer sheen,
When flowers are gay, and leaves are green ;
When Autumn gilds the bright parterre,
They mix not with the fragrance there ;
But when, the sky with clouds o'ercast,
Rough winter chills the sweeping blast,
Then, peering forth, each purple gem
Shines bright upon the leafless stem.

True friendship thus its presence hides ;
When all is bright aloof it bides ;
Shuns to intrude amid the throng
When mirth and joy the hours prolong ;
But comes when flattering crowds depart,
And sheds a balm into the heart ;
Then only, in affliction, known
Its worth, when all the rest are flown !

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

I.

BEHOLD the earth, its surface bread bestows,
Floods o'er it roll, and fire within it glows ;
Its stones are brilliant with the sapphire's rays,
And golden dust its glittering sand displays.
Man searcheth out the secret caves of night,
Each precious thing he sees, and brings to light ;
Unhid by Ocean, and unknown to space,
O ! where is knowledge, where is wisdom's place ?

II.

Man hath it not, nor is it found on earth ;
The gold of Ophir equals not its worth ;
Nor changed for jewels, nor with silver bought,
To purchase wisdom gold availeth nought ;
Corals, nor pearls, nor Ethiop's gems suffice,
More worth than rubies, far beyond all price !
Whence, then, is knowledge ? Where doth wisdom
lie ?

Hid from the fowls of heaven, unseen by living
eye !

III.

God only knows it, for from God it came,
When He the thunder roll'd o'er paths of flame ;
When rain, descending, fell by His decree,
And winds were weigh'd, and measured was the
sea.

He then beheld it, in his works display'd,
He then declared it ; and to man He said—
“ The fear of God, lo, wisdom lies therein,
And this is knowledge, to depart from sin ! ”

SONNETS.

ON VISITING PETRARCH'S HOUSE.

MARY ! when we to Arqua's village came,
Saw the rear'd tomb, the fountain's hal-
low'd rill,
And climb'd the summit of that verdant hill
Where Petrarch's dwelling bears the poet's
name ;
When I beheld the crowded page proclaim,
In varied tongue, unchanging homage still,
The deathless praise that shall all ages fill,
I sigh'd myself to share the poet's fame.
Yet, ah ! when I remember'd how in vain
His lyre he strung to soften Laura's pride,
Doom'd to a life of unrequited pain ;
Ah ! Mary, then thy yielding hand I prest,
Turn'd from that book to gaze upon my Bride,
Nor cared for Fame who was in Love so blest.

A RECOLLECTION.

I WELL remember in my youthful day,
When first of love I felt the inward smart,
My fellow hunters, eager all to start,
One morn I follow'd, lingering by the way,
Hedless of sport, for with unwonted sway
That secret grief lay heavy on my heart ;
Till a voice whisper'd me, ere day depart
Thy loved one thou shalt see. Away ! away !
The chase began, I shared its maddening glee,
And rode amid the foremost in that run,
Whose end, far distant, Love had well foretold.
Her dwelling lay betwixt my home and me ;
Still on the horizon's verge the setting sun
Tinged, as we met, her blushing cheeks with
gold.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

BEFORE my Hall I stood ; with fated eye
And heavy heart, upon the pile I gazed,
Which care, and cost, and years of toil had raised,
From turrets' base to glittering vane on high.
Cold critics came well pleased its faults to spy,
Those very faults which smooth-tongued flattery
praised,
While country folk stood silent and amazed ;
“ All,” my heart whisper'd, “ all is vanity.”
Hark ! yonder bell bespeaks the hour of prayer,
Far down the vale its gentle echoes steal,
Bid youth from sport, and age from toil abstain ;
Won by that sound, if but one sinner kneel
With humble heart, and contrite spirit there—
Glory to God !—not all, not all is vain.

ON AN OLD BARN CONVERTED
INTO A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

NIGH the old barn one Autumn noon I
stood,
Huge ribs of oak its moss-grown roof upheld,
Shaped in rude fashion by the axe that fell'd
That giant timber from the neighbouring wood ;
From waggons tost, ripe sheaves the floor bestrew'd,
Loud mirth and laughter weariness disspell'd ;
“ Home, harvest home,” the rustic chorus
swell'd,
And mingling voices still the strain renew'd.
That barn now stands a village school, within
Christ's little ones are welcomed, there to learn
How blest they live who to His guidance cling.
Among this wheat no tares may Satan win,
By angels gather'd to their Father's barn,
This harvest home may seraph voices sing !

ON CROSSING THE SIMPLON.

O'ER the bleak pass huge Alps their shadows
throw,
With lingering steps I climb the mountain way,
While, lessening to their view, mine eyes survey
With fond regret the sunlit vale below ;—
There, 'neath Italian skies ripe vineyards glow,
Here scathèd pines a leafless grove display,
There tranquil streams through fruitful meadows
stray,
On barren crags here sleeps eternal snow.
Alas ! e'en thus the path of life we tread,
Where pleasure lures us to the flower-strew'd
plain,
While virtue points, the rough ascent we dread.
O that my soul unto my God were given,
Cleansed by His mercy from all earthly stain,
Pure as yon snow that cleaves the vault of
Heaven !

NAPLES AT SUNSET.

NAPLES! where Virgil found his last repose,
Where first his lyre the youthful Tasso
 strung,
The sun's low radiance, o'er the waters flung,
 A golden halo round thy city throws.
He sinks—and now each distant mountain glows
 Like purple drops from its own vintage wrung;
Can the wide earth her fairest shores among
 A scene more lovely to his smile disclose?
And Ocean lies submissive at thy feet,
 Won by thy charms unceasing homage pours,
Loath to encroach, and powerless to retreat;
His gentle waves, which but in whispers speak,
 Clinging as though enamour'd of thy shores,
Like Love's fond lips to Beauty's witching cheek.

ON A DESECRATED CHAPEL NEAR
LAUSANNE, NOW USED AS A STABLE.

HARD by a brook, whose stream Lake Le-
man feeds,
A wayside chapel stands,—such seems it still ;
But strains devout no more its echoes fill,
And thence unbless'd the passing pilgrim speeds ;
His toil-worn oxen, when he thither leads,
At noon descending from the sun-scorch'd hill,
Traced on that wall with rude but reverent skill,
The sacred cross no more the peasant heeds.
If with such joy rejoiced the angels, when
The ox was loosed in Bethlehem's lowly shed,
His crib the cradle of the Virgin-born ;
How must they weep to see, despised of men,
The spot His presence blest, worn by the tread
Of saints, that floor hoof-trampled and uptorn !

ON THE CLOCK IN STRASBURGH
CATHEDRAL.

DU^E praise be his whose skill to Strasburgh
gave
This master-piece of mechanism rare,
More precious wisdom theirs whose daily care
Is on their heart its homilies to grave.
Peter at cockcrow wept—like him we have
Denied our Lord, though sworn His cross to bear;
Blest they who with him weep, and with him
share
The contrite spirit, which alone can save !
Work ere night cometh, nor the time prolong;
That voice which speaks in every ringing chime,
Of mercy now, warns still of vengeance due.
How many join that transept's midday throng
With curious eye to mark the step of *Time*,
To ponder on *Eternity* how few !

ON A
DRAWING OF THE CRUCIFIXION
STILL VISIBLE ON A DUNGEON WALL IN
THE CHATEAU DE CHILLON.

WHERE, lake reflected, Chillon's turrets
shine,
Where treacherous pitfall lined with spike and
blade,
Beam, ring and pillar lurk in dreary shade,
Of faith and hope, mark one enduring sign ;
Though faint, the eye may scan each lingering line,
Traced by some hand which galling chain
o'erlaid ;
The dying Saviour on the cross pourtray'd,
Converts that cell into a holy shrine.
Nor lone, nor friendless, such a captive deem,
Fill'd with His image, whose abiding love
To him was father, brethren, kindred, all !
And still, while gazing on the narrow gleam,
Of azure sky, seen through the grated wall,
Hope pointed heavenward to his home above.

ON VISITING THE CASTLE AND CHURCH
OF GRUYERE IN SWITZERLAND.

THE author gladly acknowledges that England is now no longer liable to the reproach which suggested this Sonnet, some twelve years ago.

WHERE Gruyere's castle rearing still on high,
Its silent halls and its untrodden stair,
Looks down upon a village rude and bare,
The cheerless home of hungering penury,
Paining the heart of him who passeth by ;
A costly church, enrich'd with pious care,
Amid those dwellings, echoing praise and prayer,
Tells him that faith can poverty defy.
Sadly I thought on many a lordly pile,
Whose gilded walls unbounded wealth display,
Upear'd conspicuous in my native isle ;
The village-church—its altar's mean array,
Its font, its floor, which filth and damp defile,
Alone uncared for, crumbling to decay.

ON THE RIVER TEPL, WRITTEN
AT THE FRIEND SCHAFT-SAAL
CARLSBAD.

FRIENDLESS I came, but friendless now no more ;
Thy voice, sweet river, greets me, and I trace
A smile of welcome in thy sparkling face,
When early morn invites me to thy shore ;
Thy sunlit waters to fresh life restore
The fragrant flowers that gild the mountain's base ;
Lull'd by the rippling music of thy race,
With tranquil happiness my heart runs o'er.
The hues of heaven are mirror'd in thy stream ;
O ! teach me so to live, that hope sublime,
From Heaven reflected, on my path may beam !
Thy ceaseless current runs to reach the sea ;
Teach me in wisdom to redeem the time,
Still hastening onward to Eternity.

ON THE MARIEN CAPELLE,
CARLSBAD.

ONE silver star with evening's twilight strove ;
Mid the dark pines, which base and summit hide,
A lone lamp glimmer'd on the mountain side,
As 'twere that star reflected from above ;
The chapel of the Virgin ! cold in love,
And proud of heart, forbear ye to deride ;
Judge not his conscience, nor a brother chide,
Though to yourselves a stumbling-block it prove.
On this pure spot, its shrine with offerings hung,
Its rock by knees of suppliant pilgrims worn,
Intruding—dare I prayerless hence depart ?
' Hail ! Virgin Mother, highly blest ! ' my tongue
Repeats the salutation, while my heart
Bows down in worship to the Virgin-born.

ON TWO RECUMBENT MONUMENTAL
FIGURES OF THE FOURTEENTH
CENTURY,

*Which had been much mutilated at the time of
the Rebellion.*

WITH prayer-clasp'd hands and clos'd eyes,
resign'd
To death's calm slumber, knight and lady lie ;—
Fill not these forms of sculptured chivalry
With like devotion every gentle mind ?
Rent are the emblems where their feet reclined,
Betokening courage, truth, and loyalty ;
In days when treason doom'd a king to die,
What marvel such no sympathy could find !
Thus never more may Heaven its wrath display,
But altar, shrine, and throne, in mercy save
From the fierce zeal of spoilers, rude as they ;
May we, still following in the steps of those
Whom honour guided, gentle, true, and brave,
Live as they lived, and thus in peace repose !

THE LILY.

GLORY of flowers ! preeminent o'er all,
Thou white-robed lily, deck'd with pendant
gold,
What blest remembrance, as thy leaves unfold,
To pure and humble hearts dost thou recall ?
Discarded emblem ! o'er degenerate Gaul
Waste we vain sighs ? no longer as of old
Her regal banner to the winds unroll'd,
Weep we vain tears o'er chivalry's downfall ?
No ! thy unfullied leaves nor strife, nor din,
Of worldly warfare to the mind suggest ;
No wreath from thee earth's haughty con-
querors win ;
Still seems Heaven's sainted Handmaid to invest
Thy form with beauty, free from stain of sin,
The Virgin Mother by all nations blest !

IL GELOSO.

NAME, thou who reignest mistress of my heart,
Some deed to prove the fealty of thy
knight,
Some foeman worthy of my lance to fight,
Some gift to fetch from earth's remotest mart ;
Or, not unskilful in the minstrel's art,
If tuneful verse thy listening ear delight,
Say, shall my pen from morn till eve indite
Thy praise, and ceaseless song my bliss impart ?
If that I do be done alone by me,
Exalted by thy love beyond all measure,
What dare I not, what can I not for thee ?
But if another, tending on thy pleasure,
Presume to serve, and so far favour'd be,
Then fare thee well ! my heart resigns its treasure.

THE TWO ROSES.

THESE roses take, which rival hues invest,
They tell how York and Lancaster of yore
Their chosen badge to many a conflict bore,
When England wept her bravest and her best.
That strife is past, in peace those warriors rest ;
Waste not thy grief their struggles to deplore,
Thy pity keep for that which needs it more—
The strife now raging in my troubled breast.
On thy fair forehead is the white rose shewn,
Thy lips the fragrance of its leaves impart,
Its purity an emblem of thine own ;
When will that cheek unfold what I am seeking,
The blush that tells me of thy yielding heart,
The red-rose there love's victory bespeaking ?

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CARLO PEPOLI.

NIGHT veils not with a cloud the stars on high,
From care reposeth every creature now,
Unstirr'd each flowret, motionless each bough,
Now wrapp'd in slumber, ocean, earth, and sky;
Lone mother, sable clad, with weeping eye,
Dishevell'd hair, and heaven-directed brow,
Whose plaints, though utterance grief will scarce allow,
Call thy lost child, so early doom'd to die;
Lady, that star to which thy fix'd eyes cling,
Whose mystic brilliancy absorbs their gaze,
It is thy child—a star in Paradise!
It is thy child who to thy lip conveys
The air thou breathest, with angelic wing;
A sigh from him, which to thine own replies.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY

*Who told me that, being ignorant of Botany, I could
not enjoy my Garden.*

I LOVE my garden, though I dare confess,
While wandering free its fragrant flowers
among,
To me is pedantry that unknown tongue
With which vain science mocks their loveliness.
Perfume and flower I love, nor love I less
The fluttering insect, whose light wings are hung
With gold and purple, and the sweet lay sung
By thousand birds who their protector bleſſ.
Think thou, who wrong’ſt me thus, how fondly I
Gaze on thy features, though unskill’d to speak,
In learnèd phrase, of their anatomy ;
I love the blush that mantles o’er thy cheek,
I love the smile of welcome in thine eye,
Nor how, nor whence, they come care I to seek.

HOME.

TWAS midnight—midnight in a southern
clime ;
The moon above the mountains—wood and
stream
And vineyard shining in her silvery beam,
As in the sunlight of the morning's prime ;
The shade of fragrant orange-tree and lime
Pierced through with twinkling stars ; it seem'd
a gleam
Of Heaven o'erspreading earth, or poet's dream
By fancy pictured in delusive rhyme.
Though mist and darkness wrap our northern grove,
No nightingale to charm the listening ear,
Nor purple vines, nor cloudless moons above,
For such I sigh not ; this dark atmosphere
Home gilds and gladdens with the light of love ;
There brighter skies, but fonder hearts are here.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR IN THE COLISEUM.

“ CHRISTIANOS AD LEONES.”

CHRISTIAN, come forth ! the hungering
lions crave
Thy flesh ; impatient waits assembled Rome,
Athirst to drink the blood of martyrdom.
Christian, come forth ! and death unshrinking
brave ;
Whether, within the walls of that vast grave,
Torn limb from limb, or in the narrower tomb,
Thy flesh foul worms and creeping things con-
sume,
A God thou hast omnipotent to save.
Watch we and pray, lest us like foes o'erpower,
Such, though unseen, do not the less exist ;
Here stand we not in jeopardy each hour ?
That roaring lion, wherefoe'er he list,
He walketh, seeking whom he may devour ;
Him may we, steadfast in the faith, resist !

ON THE LOSS OF THE “AVENGER.”

1847.

WHAT heart unmoved, what eye without a
tear,
The fated ship can follow in her flight?
As shoots a transient star through azure night,
Such, on the ocean wave, her brief career.
That bell’s last tone awoke no boding fear;
'Mid busy thoughts, 'mid visions of delight,
Wrapt in the past, or with the future bright,
No sound, no sign, to warn that death was near.
O fearful moment! stricken as she sped,
Her keel rock-pierced, her hull asunder riven,
The gallant ship bestrew’d the sweeping wave.
An hour shall come more fearful yet, her dead
The sea shall yield again; in mercy, Heaven,
Then let their cry come unto Thee, and save!

ON A LARK WHICH HAD ESCAPED
FROM HIS CAGE.

A CHERISH'D captive, ere thy tender wing
As yet was fledged ; through many a sum-
mer's day
Thy song hath charm'd me with its thrilling lay ;
Still seem its echoes round thy cage to cling.
In this thy narrow realm, a tiny king !
Fierce warfare waging with thine insect prey ;
Crest, beak, and spur—crown, sword, and sceptre
they,
A turf thy emerald throne,—say, pamper'd thing,
Yon flood of glory can thy flight sustain ?
With wing unpractised canst thou heavenward
soar ?
Unawed by space renew thy wonted strain ?
Or, like some spirit unprepared to quit
Its cage, the body, dost thou earth deplore ?
Thy voice, thy pinion, for the skies unfit ?

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE HUNTING SONGS.

NOTE 1, PAGE 1.

Wells in the saddle is seated.

WELLS was a huntsman of the old school, whose like is seldom seen in these degenerate days. He appears to have adopted the maxim of the old Cornish huntsmen—"Master finds horse, and I find neck." He doated upon every hound in his pack, with as much fondness as a father feels for his children. In the course of his career he fractured his ribs twice, and broke his collar-bone seven times. After living six-and-thirty years under different managers of the Bedfordshire Hounds, during twenty-four of which he hunted them himself, he came to Mr. Wicksted, with whom he remained during the eleven years that he hunted the Woore Country. He was then engaged by Sir Thomas Boughey, and died in his service, March 30th, 1847.

NOTE 2, PAGE 2.

The Vicar, the Squire or the Major.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinson, Vicar of Davenham; the Rev. James Tomkinson (the Squire of Dorfold); and Major (now Colonel) Tomkinson of the Willingtons.

NOTE 3, PAGE 3.

*But the favorite evergreen blooming
Shall spring and o'ershadow his dust.*

Mr. Ford was at that time one of the most active members of the Gorse cover Committee.

NOTE 4, PAGE 5.

While I've health to go hunting with Charley.

It was ever Mr. Wicksted's chief delight to know that his hounds had afforded a good day's sport to his friends, though no one enjoyed a run more keenly, or described one with more enthusiasm than himself. The "Woore Country" was written in the year 1830, in reply to a song called the "Cheshire Hunt," of which Mr. Wicksted was the Author, and which, with his permission, I have here the pleasure of reprinting.

THE CHESHIRE HUNT.

SONG.

Come, awake from your slumbers, jump out of your bed,
 Drink your tea, mount your hack, and away to Well Head;
 For who'd be behindhand, or like to be late,
 When Sir Harry's fleet pack at the cover-side wait?

Derry down, down, &c.

Those sons of old Bedford, so prized by George Heron,
 So quick at a cast, and so ready to turn;
 If with these fast hounds you would play a good part,
 Both the rider and horse must be quick at a start.

Hark! hark! they have found him! who would not rejoice
 At the soul-stirring sound of old Victor's loud voice?
 He's away, I declare! don't you hear? there's a hollow,—
 And now we will see how the gentlemen follow.

But now let me ask who is thrusting along,
 So anxious the first to get out of the throng?
 Who's cramming his mare up yon steep rotten bank?
 With the rein on her neck, and both spurs in her flank?

There's scarcely a young one, and ne'er an old stager,
 For the first twenty minutes can live with the Major; *
 Though supposing this run for an hour should last,
 I hope he wont find he has started too fast.

Who, glued to his saddle, with his horse seems to fly?
 'Tis a Lancashire Lord, † who is worth a "Jew's eye;"
 In this run I will wager he'll keep a front seat,
 For unless his horse stops he can never be beat.

With a seat that's so graceful, a hand that's so light,
 Now racing beside him comes Leicestershire White; ‡
 Not yet gone to Melton, he this day for his pleasure,
 Condescends to be rural, and hunt with the Cheshire.

Who's charging that rasper? do tell me, I beg,
 With both hands to his bridle, and swinging his leg;
 On that very long mare, whose sides are so flat,
 With the head of a buffalo, tail of a rat?

'Tis the gallant Sir Richard, § a rum one to follow,
 Who dearly loves lifting the hounds to a hollow;
 A straightforward man who no jealousy knows,
 And forgets all his pains when a hunting he goes.

Then next snug and quiet, without noise or bother,
 On Sheffielder comes, the brave Colonel, his brother;
 He keeps steadily onward, no obstacle fears,
 Like those true British heroes, the bold Grenadiers.

But who to the field is now making his bow?
 'Tis the Squire of Dorfold, on famed Harry Gow;
 That preserver of foxes, that friend of the sport,
 Though he proves no preserver—of claret and port.

* Major Tomkinson.

† The late Earl of Sefton.

‡ John White, Esq.

§ Sir Richard Brooke, Bt.

And who's that, may I ask, who in purple is clad,
 Riding wide of the pack, and tight holding his prad ?
 'Tis a bruising top-sawyer, and if there's a run,
 The Rector of Davenham will see all the fun.

Now hustling and bustling, and rolling about,
 And pushing his way through the midst of the rout,
 Little Ireland* comes on, for a front place he strives,
 Through rough and through smooth he his Tilbury drives.

Pray get out of the way ; at the fence why so tarry ?
 Don't you see down upon us is coming Sir Harry ?†
 And if you don't mind, you may perhaps rue the day,
 When like Wellington you were upset by a Grey.

This Grey he can't hold, though his hand is not weak,
 And his bit you may see has a very long cheek ;
 But if the first flight he can't keep in his eye,
 To be thereabouts he will gallantly try.

Now leaving the crowd, our attention we fix
 Upon two knowing sportsmen, both riding with sticks ;
 The first so renowned on the turf, Squire France,
 Who on his young Milo will lead them a dance.

The next is John Glegg, and I really don't brag,
 When I say no one better can ride a good nag ;
 A good nag when he has one I mean—by the bye,
 Do you know who has got one ? he's wanting to buy. .

Now racing along with the foremost you see,
 Quite determined to go, Charley Ford, on the Pea ;
 This moment extatic, this joy of the chase,
 His regrets for old Paddy can scarcely efface.

* Ireland Blackburne, Esq.

† Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt.

For Walmley on Paddy has just now past by,
 And on him poor Charley has cast a sheep's eye ;
 But ne'er mind, for no pleasure's without its alloy,
 And some day you'll again have a good one, " my boy."

Who's that? I can't see, by " his figure I know, tho',"
 It can't be no other than Hammond* on Otho ;
 If practice makes perfect, he's nothing to fear,
 For his nag has been practised for many a year.

Going straight to the hounds, never known to cast wider,
 Now comes little Rowley,† the steeple chase rider ;
 Harry Brooke his antagonist, quiet and steady,
 And Stanley‡ who always for business is ready.

Then there's Squire Harper, whom some may call flow,
 But I've seen him ride well when he chooses to go ;
 Little Jemmy* comes next, and of danger shows sense,
 From the back of Surveyor, surveying the fence.

But the pride of all Cheshire, the bold Delamere,
 Alas! I can't show you, for he is not here ;
 His collar-bone's broken, don't be in a fright,
 His spirit's not broken, he'll soon be all right.

And now having told you the whole of the field ;
 All Cheshire men true, to no others will yield ;
 Whilst the sparkling bottle is going its rounds
 Let us drink to Sir Harry—Will Head and the hounds.

* James W. Hammond Esq. of Wistaston.

† Rowland Warburton, Esq. of Arley.

‡ Hon. W. O. Stanley.

§ James Tomkinson, Esq. of Davenham.

NOTE 5, PAGE 6.

Our glass a Quæsitus.

At the Tarporley Hunt meeting, all toasts considered worthy of the honour are drunk in a “Quæsitus,” a name given to the glasses from the inscription they bear, “quæsitus meritis.”

NOTE 6, PAGE 8.

He rides you may swear in a collar of green.

A scarlet coat with a green collar is the uniform worn by the members of the Tarporley Hunt. The Tarporley Hunt was established in the year 1762, and their first meeting was on the 14th of November in that year. Hare Hunting was the sport for which they then assembled. Those who kept Harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Hunt kept hounds, or it were inconvenient to Masters to bring them, it is ordered by the 8th Rule that a “Pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society.”

Their Uniform was a blue frock with plain yellow mettled buttons, scarlet velvet cape and double breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up. A scarlet saddle-cloth bound singly with blue and the front of the bridle lapt with scarlet.

Sportsmen nowadays are still abed at the hour when their forefathers were at the Coverside. The 3rd Rule declares that “The Harriers shall never wait for any member after eight o’clock in the morning.”

According to Rule 9, Three collar bumpers were to be drunk after dinner, and the same after supper; after that, every member might do as he pleased in regard to drinking. By another Rule it is enacted that every member on his marriage present to each member of the Hunt a pair of well-stitched Buckskin Breeches, the cost of which was at that time one guinea a pair.

It appears that they commenced Foxhunting about the year 1769, as at that time an alteration in the Rule regarding

the Collar Toasts orders that, instead of three collar glasses, only one shall be drunk, *except a fox is killed above ground*, and then another collar glass shall be drunk to Foxhunting. It was also at that time voted that the Hunt change their Uniform to a red coat unbound, with a small frock sleeve, a green velvet cape, and green waistcoat, and that the sleeve have no buttons; in every other form to be like the old uniform, and that the red saddle-cloth be bound with green instead of blue, and the fronts of the bridles to remain the same.

As to the Hunt Races, the earliest notice of them in the Racing Calendar is in the year 1776. Until the inclosure of Delamere Forest, they were held on that part of it called Crabtree Green.

According to their signatures in the Club Book, the names of the original members, the founders of the Club in 1762, were as follows:—

Obadiah Lane	Edw. Emily
J. Crewe	Rich. Walthall
Booth Grey	R. S. Cotton
Henry Mainwaring	R. Wilbraham
George Wilbraham	

The subsequent members were elected by ballot. This, probably the oldest Hunt Club that exists in England, still continues to prosper, and to retain, amongst the gentry of Cheshire and the neighbouring counties, the same popularity that it has invariably enjoyed since its establishment.

NOTE 7, PAGE 9.

Once more a view hollow from old Oulton Lowe!

A gorse cover belonging to Sir Phillip Egerton, formerly in great repute, but which of late years had never held a fox. The Run mentioned in the Song took place on the 16th Feb. 1833.

NOTE 8, PAGE 9.

The Willington Mare.

The property of Major Tomkinson of the Willingtons. She was staked during the run and died the next day.

NOTE 9, PAGE 9.

To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare.

The Rev. James Tomkinson of Dorfold.

NOTE 10, PAGE 10.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France.

Mr. Brittain of Chester. Mr. France of Bostock Hall.

NOTE 11, PAGE 10.

Little Ireland kept up like his namesake the Nation.

Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

NOTE 12, PAGE 10.

The Maiden who rides like a Man.

Joe Maiden, was Huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds, from the year 1832 to 1845. In that capacity, as far as my experience extends, I have never seen his equal. He was moreover as pleasant a companion to ride home with after a run as any gentleman could desire.

NOTE 13, PAGE 10.

In the pride of his heart then the Manager cried.

Sir H. Mainwaring, who was Manager of the Cheshire Hounds for a period of 19 years.

NOTE 14, PAGE 10.

Come along Little Rowley.

Mr. Warburton of Arley.

NOTE 15, PAGE 11.

The Baron from Hanover hollowed whoo-hoop.

Baron Osten, a Hanoverian, long distinguished as an officer in the English service. His hunting accident, and miraculous escape from a lion in the East Indies, are well known :—

By the king of the forest, out hunting one day,
 The Baron was captured and carried away ;
 The king in his turn by the hunt was beset,
 Or the *Baron* had been but a *Baron-eat*.

NOTE 16, PAGE 11.

Oh ! where and oh ! where was the Wistaston steed ?
 The property of Mr. Hammond, of Wistaston.

NOTE 17, PAGE 11.

The Cestrian Chesnut.

The property of Sir Philip Egerton.

NOTE 18, PAGE 11.

Where now is Dollgosh ? where the Racer from Da'enham ?

“ Dollgosh,” belonging to Mr. Ford, and the “ Racer,” to Mr. James Tomkinson, of Davenham, were each ridden by their owners.

NOTE 19, PAGE 13.

*Brown forest of Mara ! whose bounds were of yore,
 From Kelsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the shore.*

“ The district extending from the banks of the Mersey to the South boundary of the late Forest, was designated as the Forest of Mara, whilst that of Mondrem stretched in the direction of Nantwich.”

“ It appears from Doomsday, that the attention of the

Earls of Chester, in the taste of the sovereigns of the time, had been directed at that early period to forming chases for their diversion. The Earl's Forest is noticed in several instances, and it likewise appears that it was not only formed of lands then found waste, but that several vills had been afforested for the express purpose of adding to its limits." *Ormerod's History of Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 50.

NOTE 20, PAGE 14.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize.

" The Master-Forestership of the whole was conferred by Randle I, in the twelfth century, on Ralph de Kingsley, to hold the same by tenure of a horn."—*Ormerod*, vol. ii. p. 50.

Amongst the list of claims asserted by the Master-Forester, are the following :—

" And claymeth to have the latter pannage in the said Forrest, and claymeth to have windfallen wood * * *

" He claymeth to have all money for agistment of hogs within the said Forest * * *

" And as to wayfe, he claymeth to have every wayfe and stray beast as his own, after proclamation shall be made and not challenged as the manner is."—*Ormerod*, vol. ii. p. 52.

NOTE 21, PAGE 14.

Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride.

" Cheshire tradition asserts that the ancient foresters were bound to use this horn, and attend in their office with two white greyhounds, whenever the Earl was disposed to honour the Forest of Delamere with his presence in the chase."—*Ormerod*, vol. ii. p. 55.

NOTE 22, PAGE 14.

It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

The Dones of Utkinton succeeded the Kingsleys, as

Chief-Foresters. On the termination of this line, in 1715, the Forestership passed to Richard Arderne, and through him to the Lords Alvanley.

NOTE 23, PAGE 15.

Thou Palatine prophet, whose fame I revere.

Robert Nixon was born in the parish of Over. "The birth of this individual," says Ormerod, "has been assigned to the time of Edward the Fourth, but a second story also exists, which refers him to the time of James the First; a date palpably false, as many of the supposed prophecies were to be fulfilled at an antecedent period."

"He is said to have attracted the Royal notice by foretelling in Cheshire the result of the battle of Bosworth, on recovering from sudden stupor with which he was seized while the battle was fighting in Leicestershire, and to have been sent for to Court shortly afterwards, where he was starved (or, to use his own expression, clemmed) to death through forgetfulness, in a manner which he himself had predicted."

NOTE 24, PAGE 15.

A foot with two heels and a hand with three thumbs.

Amongst the prophecies of Nixon are the following:—

- "There shall be a miller named Peter,
- "With two heels on one foot." * * *
- "A boy shall be born with three thumbs on one hand,
- "Who shall hold three Kings' horses,
- "Whilst England is three times won and lost in one day,
- "But after this shall be happy days."
- "Twenty hundred horses shall want masters,
- "Till their girths rot under their bellies."

NOTE 25, PAGE 15.

Here hunted the Scot whom too wise to show fight.

King James' diversion on the Forest of Delamere, when returning from Scotland, is thus described in Webb's *Itinerary* :—

“ Making the house of Vale Royal four days his royal court, he solaced himself and took pleasing entertainment in his disports in the forest. * * * * *

And where his Majesty, the day following, had such successful pleasure in the hunting of his own hounds of a stag to death, as it pleased him graciously to calculate the hours, and confer with the keepers, and his honourable attendants, of the particular events in that sport, and to question them whether they ever saw or heard of the like expedition, and true performance of hounds well hunting. At which his Highness Princely contentment we had much cause to rejoice; and the rather for that the diligence and service of Sir John Done had so prosperously prepared his Majesty's sports, which he also as graciously accepted.”

NOTE 26, PAGE 16.

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught foxhounds to skurry.

For an account of the race over Newmarket Course, between Bluecap, Wanton, and two hounds belonging to Mr. Meynell, for five hundred guineas, *see Daniel's Rural Sports*, vol. i. p. 155.

NOTE 27, PAGE 17.

Behold in the soil of our forest once more.

By the act of Parliament for the enclosure of Delamere Forest, passed in 1812, one moiety of the whole is allotted to the share of the King, to be kept under the direction of the Surveyor General of Woods and Forests, as a nursery for timber only.

NOTE 28, PAGE 17.

Where 'twixt the whalebones the widow sat down.

Maria Hollingsworth, a German by birth, the widow of an English soldier. Near two ribs of a whale which stood on Delamere Forest, she constructed for herself a hut, and resided there during several years.

NOTE 29, PAGE 18.

Save at the Swan.

The Swan is the name of the Inn at which the Hunt Meeting is held.

NOTE 30, PAGE 18.

France ten to one.

The Half-bred Stakes at Tarporley had for the ten years previous to 1834, with but two exceptions, been won by Mr. France of Bolstock.

NOTE 31, PAGE 19.

“Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down.”

At one end of the dining room at Tarporley is hung a portrait of the Hon. J. S. Barry, by Crank, and at the other, one of the late Sir Peter Warburton, by Beechey.

NOTE 32, PAGE 21.

A Bedford, a Gloster, to life we restore.

Bedford, Gloster, Nelson, and Victory, were the names of hounds in the Cheshire kennel.

NOTE 33, PAGE 22.

Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt.

“Image of war without its guilt.”—SOMERVILE.

NOTE 34, PAGE 24.

The tent of the Bey.

This tent was brought by Lord Hill from Egypt. It originally belonged to the famous Murad Bey.

NOTE 35, PAGE 25.

We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer.

The prize given by Lord Hill was won by Miss Eyton.

NOTE 36, PAGE 31.

“The Picture of the Cheshire Hunt,” purchased by Wilbraham Egerton, Esq. now hangs in the Hall at Tatton.

NOTE 37, PAGE 33.

The Breeches.

This cover, pre-eminent above all the gorse in the county for the sport it has shown, belongs to John Tollemache, Esq.

NOTE 38, PAGE 43.

Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

“This plant is only to be found in temperate climates. Provence is its boundary to the South, and it reaches neither Sweden nor Russia towards the North. Linnæus lamented that he could hardly preserve it alive in a green-house; and so rare is it in many parts of Germany, that Dillenius, their botanist, was in perfect ecstasy when he first visited England, and saw our commons covered with the gay flowers of the furze bush.”—*Phillip's Sylva Florifera.*

NOTE 39, PAGE 46.

The Tantivy Trot.

This song was written in the year 1834, at the request of

Charles Ford, Esq. for Cracknell, the Coachman of the Birmingham Tantivy, who once drove it at a sitting one hundred and twenty five miles. Some years after I saw it printed in an article by Nimrod in the New Sporting Magazine, and attributed by him to a young "Cantab."

NOTE 40, PAGE 48.

The Spectre Stag.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a collection of German traditions in French, there entitled, "La Chapelle de la Fôret."

The tale of a forest phantom, we are told by Sir W. Scott, in the Preface to his translation of the Wild Jager, is universally believed in Germany. This phantom has often been the subject of poetry, but the final catastrophe to the Baron's hunting career, thus described in the legend, I do not recollect to have seen mentioned elsewhere:—

"Voyant le chasseur noir s'avancer droit à lui, il sonna du cor pour appeler ses gens; mais il le fit avec une telle force que les veines se crevèrent; il tomba mort de son cheval. Ses descendants firent bâtir en cet endroit une chapelle où ils fondèrent un bénéfice."

NOTE 41, PAGE 49.

"*On the stag he would have slaughter'd,
Was his naked body bound.*"

The ghost of another *chasseur*, whose history is given in the same collection, makes the following confession:—

"J'ai fais enchaîner et river sur des cerfs plus de cent des malheureux braconniers, les faisant poursuivre par mes chiens jusqu'à ce qu'ils tombassent quelque part, et que le malheureux qu'ils portaient rendit l'âme au milieu des tourmenses."

NOTE 42, PAGE 67.

“Rolls o'er the cop and hitches on the rail.”

“Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme.”—POPE.

NOTE 43, PAGE 80.

Tarwood.

The Run which I have attempted to describe took place on the 24th of December, 1845. The Heythrop Hounds were kept by Lord Redesdale. The “Jem” mentioned in the poem is Jem Hill the Huntsman, and Jack Goddard and Charles are the Whips. “The peculiar feature of this run,” says Mr. Whippy, “was the stoutness and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of just touching one corner of Boys-Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once sought shelter in a cover of any description. The distance from point to point is from 15 to 16 miles, and I am sure the distance run over must have been at least 20 miles. Time, 1 hour and 42 minutes.”

NOTE 44, PAGE 90.

The sketch of this seat was made in the year 1833, and the original then existed in the garden of General Moore, at Hampton Court.

NOTE 45, PAGE 97.

This strange match, so hastily made and so quickly decided, took place on the Friday of the Tarporley Hunt week 1854. The competitors were Thomas Langford Brooke, of Mere, Esq. and John Sidebottom, of Harewood, Esq. Davenport Bromley, Esq. was Umpire.

NOTES TO MISCELLANEOUS VERSES AND SONNETS.

NOTE 1, PAGE 144.

Geoffrey Rudel.

GOFFROI Rudel était devenu tout-à-coup amoureux de la princesse Mélinsende, alors en Palestine, sur ce qu'il avait entendu raconter à des pèlerins de ses vertus et de ses grâces. Durant la nuit, durant le jour, en tout temps, en tout lieu, Geoffroi Rudel ne rêve plus qu'à cette femme, dont, au gré de son imagination, il se figure les traits angéliques et le parler plein de douceur. Ne pouvant vivre plus longtemps éloigné de cet objet parfait, il monte sur un vaisseau qui cinglait vers l'Orient. Pendant le trajet, assis à l'ombre des voiles frémistantes, il composait les romances les plus tendres en l'honneur de Mélinsende, qu'il compare à la divinité qu'on adore, bien qu'elle n'ait pas encore frappé les yeux. A cette mélodie, à ces vers mêlés de soupirs, les matelots ravis oubliaient en l'écoutant la rame et les signaux ; et les dauphins, aux écailles argentées, suivaient le long sillon de lumière que le soleil ou l'astre des nuits traçait derrière le navire.

“ Mais dans le trouble qui l'agit sans relâche, une fièvre brûlante attise encore les feux d'un amour déréglé. Sans repos, sans nourriture, et ne cherchant, au milieu de sa vague contemplation, qu'à repaître son âme d'illusions et de chimères, il se consume, il va mourir. Déjà sa voix expire ; mais le nom de Mélinsende est sans cesse errant sur ses lèvres décolorées. Cette image idéale qui le tient en extase, lui

dérobe, comme par enchantement, et la vue de son danger, et même l'impression du mal qui le dévore. Le navire aborde, mais Rudel n'a plus qu'un instant à vivre. L'ami qui l'accompagne vole au palais de Mélinfende, et l'instruit de sa passion, du voyage et du péril de Geoffroi Rudel. Oh ! second miracle de l'amour ! A cet exemple de tendresse et de dévouement, cette princesse elle-même ressent pour celui qu'elle ne connaît pas encore un sentiment impérieux qui l'entraîne au rivage ; elle soulève dans ses bras l'harmonieux troubadour, dont les regards semblent verser sur elle la langueur et la volupté. Il la reconnaît. Oui, la voilà ! telle et plus belle encore que tant de fois il la vit dans ses rêves, qui n'étaient que des pressentiments ; la voilà ! et cependant ses yeux presqu'éteints vont se fermer pour toujours. O joie trop voisine d'un regret amer, c'est donc vous, s'écrie-t-il ? A ce mot il baise la main de la princesse, et rend le dernier soupir. On dit qu'à cet instant se rompit une corde de sa lyre, et qu'un lugubre murmure circula entre les sycomores de la rive orientale. Mélinfende, inconsolable, quitte la cour de son père, abjure les grandeurs ; et dans un monastère, près duquel elle élève à Rudel un superbe mausolée, elle veut consacrer le reste de sa vie à regretter et à pleurer son cher troubadour."—*La Gaule Poétique*, vol. vii. page 72.

NOTE 2, PAGE 161.

These Sonnets are constructed strictly on the Italian model, both as regards the number of rhymes and the arrangement of the pauses. The difficulty of adhering to these restrictions has caused the prescribed form of metre to be, with us, rather the exception than the general rule ; but it appears as unjust to give to a poem the title of Sonnet merely because it is confined to fourteen lines, as it would be in architecture to call that a Classical Column which, though correct in its height, violated in its details all the principles of Ancient Art.

NOTE 3, PAGE 168.

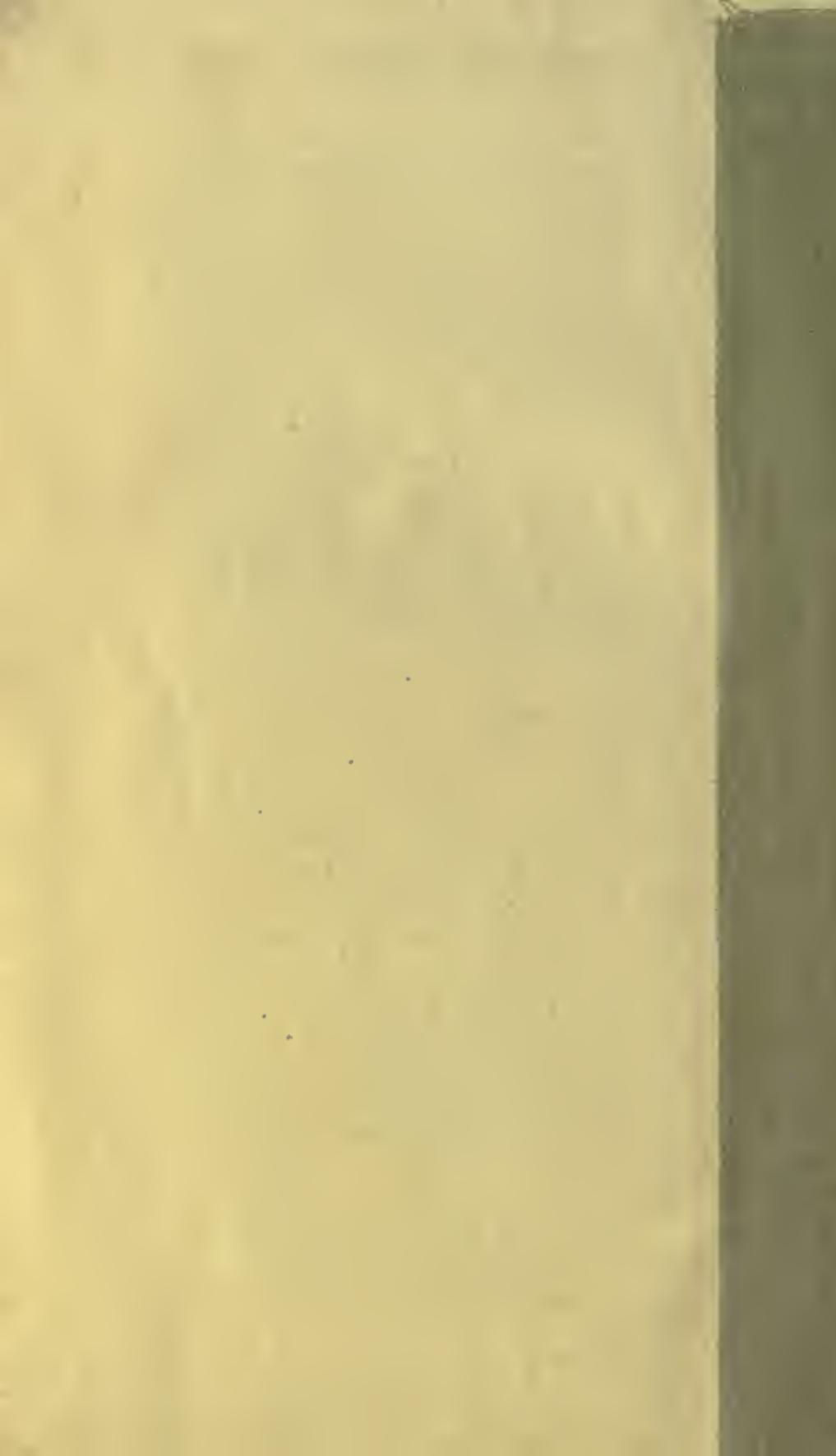
The works of the Clock in Strasbourg Cathedral were reconstructed by J. B. Schwilgue, in 1842. As it strikes twelve, the cock, which surmounts one of the turrets, crows and extends his wings. Under a canopy in the centre are statuettes of the twelve apostles, which revolve round a figure of our Blessed Saviour.

NOTE 4, PAGE 181.

The following account of the loss of the "Avenger" is extracted from the "Morning Herald."

" We were running at the rate of ten knots an hour, from Lisbon to Gibraltar, bound to Malta, when, on the night of 20th Dec., at four bells (10 o'clock), in the first watch, the ship suddenly struck on a reef of rocks. At this moment Capt. Napier was on the paddle-box, talking to the master. Lieut. Rooke, one of the survivors, was in his cabin, in the act of taking off his coat. The gunner (another survivor) ran on deck in a state of nudity. Immediately she struck, all hands rushed on deck ; as they did so, she heeled over on her broadside, the mainmast fell across the paddle-box boat, and no doubt a number of those engaged in clearing it away were killed. The crew appeared completely paralysed ; nothing was heard but now and then an exclamation, ' Oh, God ! Oh, God ! we are all lost.' Heavy seas swept over the vessel, and scarcely a man could retain his hold. The last seen of Lieut. Marryat, was his being washed from his hold, and carried away, with some twenty more, to leeward. At last, Lieut. Rooke, the purser, second master, gunner, and four others, contrived to get into a quarter-boat. Here Providence interposed to save them ; in lowering the boat the foremast fall got jammed, and the after one going freely, the boat had her stern in water and her bows in the air, when a jacket belonging to one of the men fortunately got into the sheave-hole of the after-fall,

stopped it, and enabled them to cut the falls adrift. After pushing off from the wreck, they endeavoured to regain her, to render such assistance as was possible, and to pick up any of the crew; to approach her they found impossible. The wind blew a gale from the southward. The sea was very high, and breaking completely over her. After remaining as near as they could get for two hours, they bore away for Galita, distant about fourteen miles; an hour after they had done so, the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew harder than it had done from the other quarter. This compelled them to bear up again, which they did, for the coast of Barbary. On their way they passed the wreck, over which the sea was making awful sweeps. Soon after day-light they made the coast of Barbary, having run all night under a small lug-sail, and steered with an oar. In running the boat in, she grounded on a reef, and all hands were thrown out; the boy, however, regained the boat, kept to her, and drifted ashore alive. Of the remainder, only Lieut. Rooke, the gunner, and steward, were saved. The others perished in the surf. The Arabs treated them kindly, dried their clothes, and gave them warm milk. After a repose they walked 36 miles, till they could procure horses, on which they rode to Biserta. Here they received every hospitality from the governor and the consuls. A boat took them to Tunis, whence Sir T. Reade, the British Consul, sent a despatch to Malta. The *Hecate* started immediately for the fatal spot, whither the Bey of Tunis had already sent vessels, but not a vestige of the wreck remained. It is supposed that, with the shift of the wind, she heeled over into deep water and sunk. There are from 30 to 50 fathoms all round these rocks, which are steep to within a ship's length. The total number lost is 253."



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